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HOW I SPENT MY TWENTIETH YEAR

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I Dedicate

THIS SHORT AND IMPERFECT RECORD

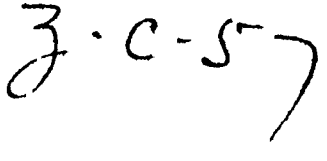
OF A NINE MONTHS' TOUR ROUND THE WORLD,

TO THOSE WHO, IN ALL LANDS, SO HOSPITABLY

ENTERTAINED AND KINDLY INSTRUCTED US,

AND WHOM, HAVING MET AS STRANGERS,

WE REMEMBER AS FRIENDS.



PREFACE.

It is with some reluctance that I have allowed this short record of our travels to be published; for when these notes were hastily jotted down as we journeyed from place to place, I had no intention whatever that they should be read by any but my immediate relations and friends.

I have, however, complied with their wish that I should offer this journal to public criticism, and I am now pleading lenient consideration for its many shortcomings and imperfections.

Those who have travelled will know how hard it is to find time for writing and sketching, and how difficult to form opinions on sights and events that, like a constantly changing kaleidoscope, continually pass before one, leaving but a faint impression.

I have striven to be truthful and unprejudiced, and I cannot but hope that there will be some who, pardoning its deficiencies, will read this little book and feel some interest as to "How I Spent my Twentieth Year."



TITTENSOR CHASE, 19*th March* 1889.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

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HOW I SPENT MY TWENTIETH YEAR.

1886, *Oct.* 9, *German Embassy, Paris.*—Started at last on our voyage round the world! How little can I realise that we shall see and experience so much before we again get back to Old England!

We arrived here at six after a delightful passage across the Channel. The Münsters, who are kindness itself, took us to the opera to-night to see "Faust," Gounod's masterpiece. The orchestra is excellent, but I do not admire the Opera-house very much—it is too much gilded and ornamented, though the *foyer* is certainly very fine. This is a big gloomy Embassy, very comfortless, but the Münsters are improving it greatly. The bed in my room once belonged to the Empress Josephine.

Notwithstanding its regality, mosquitoes and spiders abound, and there is a great bullet-mark in the pier-glass—made, I believe, during the Franco-German war. Altogether it is rather creepy.

We leave Paris Monday night for Como, *viâ* Basle and Lucerne.

Oct. 12, *Villa d'Este, Como.*—We arrived at this most beautiful place an hour ago. Considering the jolting of the carriages and the continual screeching of the engine, I slept fairly well. I am sure the latter was kept up for our especial annoyance; but we were fully repaid this morning, for after passing Lucerne we came upon the most lovely scenery it is possible to imagine. The line winds in a bewildering serpentine way right up the St Gothard Pass to the tunnel. All around are great hills covered with fir-trees to the very summit, with higher peaks in between, glistening with snow-glaciers; and then far below are green fertile valleys dotted with little chalets, sheep and cattle, and what looked to us, as the train steamed along, contented peasants. We were favoured besides with an Italian blue sky and brilliant sun.

We are now in a charming hotel on the very borders of Lake Como. Delicious roses and geraniums grow out of doors, and are put in masses in

our room. Already we are tasting the delights of the sunny South.

Oct. 13, *Hotel Danieli, Venice.*—Instead of stopping at Milan, a pouring wet day forced us to come straight here; and we intend sailing in the "Siam" to-morrow, thus saving a twenty-four hours' journey by train to Brindisi.

The scenery from Como to Milan was uninteresting compared with the beauties we had seen before; but we had some amusing fellow-passengers. One couple, decidedly English—the husband old, the wife trying to pass for young, and much bejewelled—complained bitterly that their luggage had been three times broken into and rifled; but, judging from the lady's ornaments, it did not much matter! More amusing still was an old spinster who delighted in airing her Italian experiences, and kept up an incessant chatter; and an indignant signor, who swore terribly at our bandboxes and bundles—but, luckily for us, his expressions were unintelligible.

It was dark and starless when we arrived among the "Stones of Venice." The splashing of the oars as our gondolas glided along in the stillness, and the houses rising grimly out of the black water, gave us a strange weird feeling that we should see presently some Doge's bright-lanterned procession

passing over the arches, or hear the groans of some condemned wretch dragged to his doom across the Bridge of Sighs.

Our steamer lies in front of the windows, and lights are twinkling everywhere in the distance. All is so calm, so peaceful, as we stand watching the moon struggling through the clouds, and sending dusky shadows across the Piazza. It is seldom but in solemn moments like these that one fully realises the immensity of eternity and the greatness of Almighty God.

Oct. 14, *s.s.* "*Siam.*"—Here we are, steaming out of the Venice waters into the open sea. The "Siam" is a nice vessel of 3041 tons. Our fellow-passengers are few, and look dull; but we have not had time to make acquaintances. The captain is noisy, and the officers "mashers."

This morning we "did" all the sights of Venice. St Mark's is most interesting and beautiful. The glass mosaics are in wonderful preservation, as are also two alabaster pillars behind the altar, which were brought from King Solomon's Temple. What a great pity it is, that the inlaid floor is sinking in different places, and will require most careful restoration! The Doge's Palace is also very grand. I could not help comparing the gilding on

the ceiling in the Senate-hall with that of the Paris Opera-house, much to the latter's disadvantage. There is a large fine picture of our Saviour on the cross in one of the halls.

We passed right through the Grand Canal in a gondola. It is most wonderful how the men manage these boats up the narrow side-streets. As we glided under the Bridge of Sighs, I could well fancy what the miserable victim felt as he was thrust over it for ever. The houses in Venice are nearly all shut up, and look very mouldering yet picturesque; but I suppose in the season they are quite full. This is indeed a most charming place; and if it had not become so dreadfully cold, I should have been sorry to leave. The wind is blowing strong from the north-west, and it feels like snow.

Oct. 16.—We shall be at Brindisi in one hour, and I must write a few words of our experiences since leaving Venice. We had a regular squall after we had been a short time at sea, which grew worse as the night went on; but towards morning it calmed down, and we anchored at six o'clock in Ancona harbour—such a picturesque spot!—but did not land. I made a sketch of a little fishing-boat; but alas! my colours had gone on in the

"Shannon," so I could not paint it, much to my regret, as the sails are yellow and deep orange, and looked like lovely butterflies on the blue sea.

We steamed out of the harbour in glorious weather, and all night it has been calm. Brindisi is in sight, and we shan't be sorry to go ashore.

Among our fellow-passengers we have made friends with a Mr and Mrs Sheppard. He is a Commissioner in the Bombay Presidency, and they told us a great deal about India and Indian life, which was most interesting.

Oct. 18.—We were awakened at six o'clock this morning by the weighing of the anchor, and are now on our way to Port Said.

We spent more than twenty-four hours in Brindisi. It is such a curious old-world place—all the little narrow streets paved with big flags, and the people in bright attire sitting in the doorways. The women, as a rule, are handsome; but many of them, as well as the children, suffer from ophthalmia, brought on by dirt and poisonous flies. Market was going on on Saturday, and we bought a basket of chestnuts and grapes, the latter big and sweet as hothouse ones, for half-a-crown. We went to see some of the churches also; but the

interior of these went far to disenchant me with the national creed.

Saturday we were coaling all day, and the dirt was dreadful. The coals are chiefly carried by convicts. I felt sorry for them in their coarse clothes and rattling chains, and they are so hard worked.

The country around Brindisi is flat and uninteresting, but different from anything I had seen. Aloes form the hedges, and pampas-grass and olives abound. We were taken to a vineyard, where we yielded to the insinuations of an oily Italian and bought some fine grapes at what seemed to us a very moderate price, but we were told afterwards half the sum would have been sufficient!

The through passengers from London came on board in the night, making a dreadful noise, Francis amongst them. Consequently there is a great crush on deck to-day, and my happiness is not increased by a very heavy swell.

Oct. 21, *Mediterranean Sea.*—There is little to relate of ship-life. It is decidedly monotonous, but to me rather novel. We expect to reach Port Said this afternoon, transfer passengers and mails to the "Ballarat" for Calcutta and China, and go on at dark through the Canal to Suez.

It is such delicious weather, so sunny and balmy, and the nights still and warm. We have been having a great deal of music on deck in the evenings; and yesterday being my birthday, the captain fired some rockets and a sort of tin canister, which, when thrown into the water, explodes and gives a bright light for about twenty minutes. It is tied to a buoy and used in cases of distress, such as a man overboard.

Oct. 23, *s.s.* "*Shannon.*"—A piping hot morning. We left the "Siam" at nine o'clock—I almost in tears. We got to know and like the people so much. However, nothing in this world can last. It is curious and almost painful to think that people who are thrown together constantly for a short time, and become almost as intimate as if acquainted for years, must part and perhaps never meet again.

We had a good many adventures in the Suez Canal. Starting to go through at night with the electric light, we stuck in the middle owing to the fog, and only got off at daybreak. The Canal is so narrow that I wonder big ships can go through at all. Flat sandbanks line both sides, and the desert stretches away to the horizon. From time to time stations are passed which are gems of beauty in the

middle of the dreary waste. Here palm-trees and feathery grasses cluster round a picturesque *garc*, quite sheltering it from the burning heat; and, I believe, in the summer time the flowers are most luxuriant. Such funny little children race along the banks, calling out, "Backsheesh! backsheesh!" (money, money,) but never find the pennies that are thrown to them.

We had several other delays, and consequently had to tie up at dark about nine miles from Suez. The white houses and golden hills of the Egyptian city, looking beautiful in the morning sun, are now fading from our sight. The "Siam" is off in front of us, but I hope we may pass her. Mount Sinai rears its crest among the mountains to our left, and the sight of it makes one think very much of all those wonderful ages gone by.

Oct. 27.—Out of the Red Sea at last, and steaming along with a fresh breeze, which, after the intense heat of the last few days, is truly delightful. Oh, such baking, melting heat as it was! We simply gasped, and nothing could make us cool. I never felt so sticky or horrible in all my life!

We have just passed through the Straits of Bab-el-Mandeb (Gate of Tears), and the Isle of Perim, near at hand, throws a shadow across the bright

water. Several other barren rocky islands lie all round, with cruel frowning cliffs. Wrecks abound in these parts, I believe, and here and there one sees masts and pieces of wreckage standing out of the water, which testify to the danger of the coast. Perim has a little garrison upon it, and the chief officer told us the following story about the taking of the island: The English general entertained the French admiral to a good dinner one night, and plied him with rich wines and the best of everything. Consequently the Frenchman grew very communicative, and confided to his host his intention of sending the following day a troop-ship to post the French flag on the heights of Perim. An hour later the admiral sleeps soundly, only to see, on awakening the next morning, the English colours waving gaily on the island, and all his plans frustrated.

We passed the "Siam" two days ago. Her flags were flying half-mast, so I am afraid the poor lady who was so ill before we left must be dead.

The passengers on board this ship are most energetic; they get up athletic sports (thermometer 87° in the shade!), fancy-dress balls, &c.—altogether somewhat appalling! I like Mrs Bosanquet, wife of an English naval commander, and Miss Jones,

an Australian beauty, very much; and Captain Parfitt and his officers do everything to make us comfortable.

We hope to sight Aden this afternoon and reach Colombo this day week.

Nov. 5, "*Shannon.*"—After an uneventful and smooth passage, we cast anchor in Colombo harbour on the afternoon of the 3d. Our approach to Ceylon was made in driving rain and thick mist, very much like what one finds in the Highlands, and very unlike what one expects in the tropics; consequently I was rather disappointed with the first view of Colombo—the mist hanging very low over the palm-trees, the flat red-and-white buildings, and bungalows.

We landed at once, and took rooms at the Oriental Hotel for the night, as coaling was going on. Walking up from the quay we were surrounded by troops of gabbling, gesticulating natives, who in a mixed jargon of English and gibberish assured us that they were perfect guides, omitting that they were also perfect rogues!

Never shall I forget that babel of tongues during our stay. At first amusing, it soon grew wearisome, and at the end simply odious. I am sure a stop ought to be put to it, for one could not walk

ten yards down the street without being assailed by crowds of shopmen. "Lady, buy little ring so cheap," and then some enormous sum is named; or, "Lady, sir, come in my shop, show you beautiful sapphire—only look, need no buy." All over the steps of the hotel these people expose their goods, and bother and haggle. It is utterly impossible to buy anything without haggling, for these men are such robbers. I got some things cheap, such as silk at £2, 5s. which overnight the man would not think of parting with for £5, also three rings. But it is not wise to buy jewels without some competent and independent judge's opinion, as they think nothing of passing off coloured glass for real stones, especially if they notice that you are somewhat "green."

There are two classes of people that chiefly strike one: fat Mohammedans, with shaven heads and strange little sugar-loaf hats (these are principally the merchants); and the effeminate-looking Singhalese, with their hair twisted up like women, and broad tortoise-shell combs across the top. All alike wear as little clothing as possible, but they have wonderfully smooth dark-brown skins, and therefore look perfectly correct!

Our hotel was very clean, the food first-rate, and

the natives make excellent waiters; but oh! the beds were so hard, and I saw an enormous cockroach just as I was off to sleep, which disturbed my dreams very much!

Disappointed I certainly was the day of our arrival, but the next morning quite altered these first impressions. The sky was cloudless blue, and the whole effect *most* lovely.

Directly after breakfast we took a long drive through the native village, which stretches right on for four miles, the population continually streaming to and from the town.

Such extraordinary little huts as these people live in—literally like animals!—not a vestige of furniture in the rooms, but merely a heap of rubbish to sleep on, and sometimes eighteen or twenty all huddled up together, as happy as possible. The babies are great ducks, their little brown bodies quite *en naturel*, paddling about in every drop of water; but the old men and women are dreadful sights, exactly like chimpanzees — indeed I had no idea any of the human race could illustrate the Darwinian theory so thoroughly.

It was a very pretty sight driving along those palm-fringed roads, with beautiful clustering flowers and plants intermingled with the stream of people,

gay-turbaned and petticoated, passing backwards and forwards. Some carried pitchers on their heads, others great branches of bananas and pine-apples, while enormous brilliant butterflies and beetles flitted about and around them in the sunshine.

During our drive we went to a Buddhist temple, where a man volunteered to be our guide, and tried to explain to us various objects—idols, I should say—of interest in utterly unintelligible English. As we were going out the man pointed to a box and said, "You give three rupees for Buddha and three rupees for me." We hastily dropped a small coin on the table in reply to this barefaced demand, and made our escape followed by the execrations of the whole population. Such are these robbers! In reality, however, they are most inoffensive, and stand in great awe of the Sahib.

It is very funny how English Cockney names are scattered about in this strange country—such as Hyde Park Corner, Prince's Gardens, &c. It looks ridiculously incongruous.

We left a card on the Governor, Sir Arthur Gordon, who pressed us to lunch with him. We had not time, however, and rejoined the "Shannon" at 5.30. Black diving-boys surround the ship with

hideous yells, and dive for coins thrown to them in the most marvellous way. The natives, generally, take to the water like ducks.

We are steaming along now with a fresh westerly gale. Every one is inclined to be sea-sick, the consequence of Colombo indulgences, and rather low at having seen the last of land for ten days, when we hope to reach King George's Sound.

Nov. 8, "*Shannon*," *Indian Ocean.*—Uneventful as this ship-life is, it is some diversion to write down one's few impressions and experiences.

Saturday was a dreadfully stormy wet day, awnings dripping, the deck a pond, and everybody more or less soaked and cross.

Well, about eight o'clock at night the wind shifted and came upon us in a sudden tremendous gale. I believe these cyclonic squalls are very common in the Indian Ocean, and the crew thought nothing of it; but it was most exciting. The mainsail was torn to ribbons, the ropes and stays cracked and rattled, and the Lascars gabbled and yelled as they climbed the rigging like monkeys. In half an hour the whole thing was over, and nothing but running rivulets all over the deck, and occasional shower-baths down the back of one's neck, reminded one of what had been. Ever

since, it has been quite calm and hot, but it certainly enlivened our usually monotonous evenings.

Some of our passengers on board are really rather funny. One gentleman, who is supposed to conduct the choir, of which I am a respectable member, has a habit of waving his arm



The Finish! 10 p.m. P. & O. "Shannon."

about during the whole service like a baton, and insists on always wearing a dirty pocket-handkerchief twisted round his neck to guard against sore-throat, even if he walks about in his shirt-sleeves, which causes great merriment. An old couple who have never been out of Yorkshire in

their lives, and who are going to see a son and daughter in Australia, are real "characters." They do nothing but eat and be ill. Even at eleven o'clock at night one sees them hobnobbing over a bottle of stout and a spongecake, and the next morning lying prostrate in the music-room!

We have on board also a young clergyman going to New Zealand for his health, and two of Spurgeon's ministers, travelling second-class. One of them is, I fear, dying of consumption, but so bright and patient. Our fellow-passengers are all we have to interest us on this very dreary bit of sea. We shall see no land till Sunday. Not a sail breaks the horizon, and we only occasionally pass through shoals of porpoises and flying-fish.

Nov. 16.—On we go; still on the deep blue ocean. I wish I could write a sonnet or an ode *à la* Byron!

From a boiling vapour-bath we are plunged into a refrigerator, and shivering in our pilot-coats, try to appreciate the "summer weather," as our Australian neighbours proudly tell us. I have come to the conclusion that I hate being braced, and long to be melted.

Yesterday afternoon we dropped anchor at Albany, King George's Sound, quite unexpectedly,

having made the shortest run on record from Colombo — under eleven days. Steamers generally take twelve; so great is our triumph. Albany is disappointing: the country is rather wild and desolate-looking, though the Sound up to the harbour is picturesque. The houses are very scattered, the shops most primitive, and everything very dear. We were met by the Government Resident, Mr Loftie, and had tea with him. As there was only an hour and a half before dark, we could not walk or see much. The great beauty of the place is the wild flowers, now in full bloom. We came on board laden with them—arum lilies, honeysuckle, mimosa, and tree-geraniums growing like weeds in gorgeous profusion, also large varieties of gay-coloured scentless flowers, the names of which are unknown to me. I wish I could have sent some to England, but I fear they would not grow there. Ugh! how cold it was, though!—worse than an east-windy May day at home.

We weighed anchor at nine o'clock, the moon glorifying with silvery light and dusky shadows the bare cliffs and barren moorland. We stayed on deck till very late, watching the ripples sparkling with phosphorus on the lake-calm water, with

no sound save our subdued murmurs and the throbbing of the ship's engines to break the solemn stillness of the night.

Nov. 18.—Oh dear, how sleepy I am! and it is only just 11 A.M. I was dressed before 5.30 this morning—such a glorious morning, too; and the view of Glenelg, which we reached at four o'clock, and Adelaide in the distance, was truly lovely at sunrise.

We made up our minds to go ashore; so with Francis and Mrs Bosanquet and some others, we started in the tug, and caught a train at the pier, which reached Adelaide in twenty minutes. It looked so strange to see written up everywhere, "Walk round Corners and over Crossings"; but really it is most necessary, as the train steams wildly along the highroad, and stops to pick up every stray person it meets. Adelaide is a wonderfully pretty place, but at this time of year excessively warm. I do not think the Horticultural Gardens are superior to those we have at home. The heat scorches everything, and though one finds beautiful and rare plants, the bedding-out is not artistic. One of the finest and most noticeable trees is the "Moreton Bay Fig"; and there is another, a species of sweet-smelling rhododendron,

which was one mass of pink blossom, and quite exquisite. The head-gardener, a Scotchman, who has been twenty-three years in the colony, gave us some beautiful flowers. We did not dare to "*tip*" him, however, for one has to be very careful in the exercise of any generosity, as the Australian is quick to think himself insulted.

The most amusing thing is to hear the Melbournites and Sydneyites squabbling. Melbourne thinks itself infinitely the superior, which Sydney indignantly refutes. The latter is by far the older city, but I have yet to decide impartially on their several merits.

They are very busy in Adelaide erecting buildings for the Exhibition next year. Lately, they have had bad times in the colony, owing to the drought and other causes, and they seem to hope it will benefit them a great deal. We bought lots of cherries and "loquats"—a fruit rather like a pear, which grows in abundance in this district—and carried them off to the steamer only a few minutes before it started.

Adelaide lies low in the plain, and its houses and buildings are much scattered and interspersed with trees. Lovely sloping hills—alas! scorched and dry at present, but in winter verdant green—

rise up in the distance. It is a great change from bleak Albany, and the climate is delightful. After the cold of the last few days, it is joy to be warm again.

Melbourne to-morrow night; and then hurrah for land!

Nov. 21, *Government House, Melbourne.*—Good-bye to the old "Shannon": a passing pang and a parting tear, and here we are in Australia, really and truly. I can scarcely believe it, everything seems so English, the weather excepted, which is heavenly; a hot sun with a gentle cool breeze, the birds singing like spring, the flowers out, and the butterflies flitting about. Of course the seasons are reversed, but oh! how the people are shivering at home!

We cast anchor in Hobson's Bay at 11.30 last night and landed at the Williamstown pier, feeling somewhat lonely amongst all our Australian friends and their relations, who had come to meet them.

The Lochs received us with the greatest kindness, and our meeting was very cordial, as we had not seen them since they came to Dunrobin three years ago.

Already we hear of prospective concerts, and dinners, and other gaieties, connected with Australian beauty and fashion. I am afraid I am

feeling a little home-sick; or is it that I am pining after those days of peace and laziness that we have enjoyed for six long weeks on the sea? No matter; there is much to learn and like here, and every new scene and experience will be full of fresh interest.

Government House is a hideous building of grey stucco, not unlike Osborne, with a huge tower in the middle; but as it stands very high, it has a splendid view over the town, which lies scattered to the sea. Everything looks so dry and burnt up, and all the trees drooping in the dust.

Houses half built, and pieces of waste ground in process of "turning up," tell a tale of a rising generation. I will not say that I am disappointed, for many of the buildings are tall and handsome, and the streets very wide, so that one can see far away into the blue distance.

To-day is Sunday, so all the shops are closed, and few people are about.

Nov. 23, *Government House.*—The more one sees of Melbourne, the more it grows upon one. It certainly is a fine place, and reminds me not a little of Edinburgh. The suburbs of Malvern and St Kilda are prettily laid out on the sea-shore, the houses built chiefly of wood, but in various styles

of architecture. The city itself, I am told, is much like an American town, with all the latest Yankee improvements, and the broad streets planted with trees. The great drawback is the dust, which is terrible. They do not seem yet to have arrived at the civilisation of water-carts!

Sir Henry Loch took us a drive on his coach yesterday, so we had every opportunity of seeing the surroundings. The villas, which belong chiefly to the *beau-monde*, are all built with verandahs and balconies, and surrounded by a few acres of very parched land. I believe enormous sums are asked and given for them.

The aides-de-camp on the staff at present are Lord Deerhurst, Mr Sturgess, and Mr Traill.

Sir Alfred, Lieutenant-Governor of New South Wales, and Miss Stephen, and two Australian young ladies, one the champion tennis-player of Victoria, are all staying here. Sir Alfred Stephen is an old gentleman of nearly ninety, with charming manners and a wonderful memory, with over seventy grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

Admiral Tryon and Captain Lake (H.M.S. "Nelson") were dining here last night; also Mr Downer, the Premier of South Australia, and Mr Todd, the Postmaster-General. The latter, I believe, is a very

clever energetic man, and to his efforts it is mainly due that the telegraph has been carried amid great difficulties across Australia.

The Government Offices at Melbourne are very striking buildings, the Exhibition Hall, Library, and Museum being especially noticeable. The Museum is only in a growing state, but the models of gold nuggets and the machinery connected with the workings much engrossed our attention. The Picture Gallery is a very fine one. I wish the pictures were the same, but they are sadly below the mark. We saw some clever drawings in black and white by the students of the Art School. They have excellent models, and I believe the school is progressing rapidly. The really interesting place, however, is the Library. From 10 A.M. to 10 P.M. it is open and perfectly free to every one. Men of all classes in life gather together at the tables, poring over various books,—chiefly of fiction, I am afraid; though I noticed one very poor and shabby-looking man deep in the History of England. It certainly is a great boon to the public, and as Dr Bird, the librarian, who accompanied us, said, immensely appreciated.

The Trotters, who have also been at Government House, leave to-morrow for New Zealand. It was

an unexpected pleasure meeting them, though I fear she is but little better in health.

Nov. 25, *Melbourne.*—On I go with my journal. Sometimes I feel I must give it up, but I make a grand effort to continue. On Tuesday afternoon a party on board the "Nelson" was a charming sight. The whole ship was decorated with flowers and bunting, and partly covered in, so it made a beautiful ball-room. The ship's band discoursed sweet music, and the lieutenants and middies with their "ladye loves" were not slow to take advantage of it.

We spent the day at Macedon yesterday—a lovely spot about twenty miles from Melbourne, where the Governor is building a house up on the hills as a summer residence. Sad to relate, I went to sleep in a chair after luncheon, and did not see half its beauties; but it was so difficult to help it, with the thermometer at 96° in the shade! Gum-trees abound—indeed they are *the* tree of the whole country. They are graceful and smell deliciously, but one gets tired of their uniform blue-green foliage. Round the cottage small English trees grew, such as limes and elms, and their bright colouring made a pleasant contrast. The roses grow in masses, and I believe there is a garden

close by which is a sight to see for its Maréchal Niels and rhododendrons.

We accomplished the drive from the station in a waggonette buggy, over *such* a road. We felt every moment we might be shot out. Our admiration was great for the springs and the horses. We saw no creature more alarming than a butterfly, though I was always on the look-out for snakes. Certainly this part of the bush was decidedly tame.

In the evening a very good concert in the Freemasons' Hall, at which a Miss C. Fuller sang charmingly, kept us from "nid-nodding." This young vocalist is anxious to get to England to complete her education. She really sings well, and I hope may not be neglected in our inhospitable country.

Nov. 26.—I will never grumble again at our English climate. The intense heat is changed to autumnal cold, with a howling wind and cloudy sky; and last night I actually had a fire. Lady Loch's reception was therefore not so large as it might have been, though she stood patiently through two and a half hours of hand-shaking.

It is not jealousy that prompts me to write that beauty and pretty toilets are rarer than one finds

in England, but every one is kind and genial, and, above all, so hospitable. Lawn-tennis is quite the rage; indeed, notwithstanding the cold and wet, two young ladies played thirty-six games in succession!

Yesterday we visited the Botanical Gardens, but the small shrubs and flowers were very much spoilt and beaten down by the rain, and in no respect are the gardens so picturesque as at Adelaide. In both places there are artificial lakes with water-lilies and swans, but the water is thick and muddy, which lessens the attraction. Government House, waving a Union-jack, frowns from on high. What a pity it is not a more artistic building!

Another dinner-party last evening included Sir James MacIlwraith — who is interesting as being the first to send an expedition to annex New Guinea — a Mr Murray, and Mr Suttor, Postmaster-General for New South Wales, who is very pleasant, and told me an amusing story of the proverbial Sydney mosquitoes. The fable runs that "they so violently attacked a man at work that they drove him into a boiler; and not satisfied with this, bored holes through the iron to devour him: fortunately he clinched their stings with his

hammer, and they flew away harmless." I quite believe it! My arms bear witness of the Melbourne ones; what must those at Sydney be!

A Mr Duff Gordon, who is also "globe-trotting," sang in the evening. Though he looks quite a boy, he has a most beautiful baritone voice. S. went down to the House of Parliament to hear a debate. I believe they squabble in this country quite as badly as at Westminster. We have been at the Mint this morning, and listened to an organ recital in the Town Hall, and to-night a play at the Theatre Royal is in store for us.

Nov. 27, *Marysville, Victoria.*—To-day has been quite the most enjoyable I have spent since arriving in Australia. We left Melbourne by special train this morning—S., Francis, Mr Traill, and I—and an hour's journey brought us to Lillydale. The weather has been everything we could wish—perhaps a little cold, but the rain has laid all the dust.

A waggonette buggy was waiting for us, and after a pleasant day's drive of forty miles through Healesville and Fernshaw, we arrived in this fascinating spot. The little inn — so clean — is kept by a charming old Irish landlady, and a few houses scattered about at the foot of the hill remind one

of the west coast of Scotland. The great difference here is the vegetation, which, owing to the richness of the soil, is marvellous.

To-day we passed through miles and miles of wood—*bush*, as they call it here—which is simply a mass of luxuriant overgrowth, except where the fires have played havoc, or the trees have been "ringed" to make way for clearances. This "ringing" consists of hacking off the bark a few yards from the ground; and the course of the sap being thus arrested, the tree naturally dies. Gums of a most tremendous height grow to the top of the mountains, and blackwood, peppermint-trees with bright leaves, myrtles, she-oaks, wild cherries, ti-trees, creeping clematis, and the beautiful tree-ferns, deck heights and valleys, banks and gullies in reckless profusion. One can hear the rush of the water in the creeks far below, but on account of the scrub it is impossible to see anything.

We had a fairly good road all the way, a pleasant driver, and a steady pair of horses. At Fernshaw we changed the latter, and lunched, picnic fashion, at the roadside, in mortal terror of snakes (at least I was). Black ants more than an inch long were creeping everywhere, and I have a horrible feeling that there are some of them in this room, for

there is a great chink under the door, and we have no carpet. We passed a few "stations" on the way here, but the majority are farther up-country; also some vineyards belonging to a Mr Castello, which we are to visit on Monday. By the by, we saw two laughing-jackasses, and some such pretty parrots. I wonder how they thrive here, for it is quite cold.

Our driver made us go down to a little dell on the way, all among the tree-ferns, and very damp, "because Lord Rosebery picnicked there." He had a very vivid recollection of the Roseberys, and seemed to think little of us because we did not utter half so many exclamations on the beauty of the scenery as they did. On the whole, however, the people treat us very leniently for "new chums."

Nov. 28, *Marysville.*—Such a glorious peaceful Sunday! Far away as we have been from churches, it has felt like God's day all along.

We breakfasted quite early this morning, and started for a walk before the heat of the day to the Stephenson Falls, well worth the three miles' tramp. The water comes down from a great height, and rushes over rock and among luxuriant tree-ferns and sassafras shrubs, to the creek below,

while the young green leaves and grasses glisten in the glinting sunlight. Our walk was along a narrow winding path among the gum-trees, their straight silvery trunks being quite the feature of the bush. Butterflies flit everywhere; tiny birds with sweet notes, gaudy parrots, and noisy jackasses abound, and grasshoppers and large and small lizards dart about through the long thick grass. We did not dare sit down at the Falls on account of the leeches, which sometimes are insupportable.

Cumberland Creek and Tommy's Bend are both points of interest to be reached from Marysville. The latter is a gully full of sassafras, which grow close and thick together, not more than a chain in breadth, and strike dark shadows among the eucalyptus-trees. Here and there we got glimpses of blue hills in the distance over Wood's Point, a large gold-mining district. I was determined not to be behindhand to-day, so admired everything *in toto*, much to our driver's delight.

We found a poor little brown bear dead by the roadside. Somebody had evidently shot it. They are perfectly harmless and fairly common in these parts, as are also "wallabies" or young kangaroo, bandicoots, and 'possums.

I am writing in the verandah. The scent of the

roses is wafted up to the windows from the very English-looking little garden. I shut my eyes and try to fancy myself back again over the wide blue sea, but the long-drawn "Co-ee-e" of a passing drover quickly dispels the vision.

Nov. 30, *Melbourne.*—We bade farewell to our kind old landlady yesterday morning, after writing our names in the visitors' book, full of doggerel verses which we declined to imitate!

We retraced the same road to Lillydale, the prettiest part of which is the drive over the "Black Spur," where the giant gum-trees grow to a height of nearly 400 feet. The vegetation was marvellously profuse, and only in places is the scene varied by the far-off mountains, broken into sharp peaks composed entirely of rock and stones, and called the Cathedrals.

We stopped a short time at Fernshaw, and had a talk with the innkeeper, who, strange to relate, had been a Stoke boy, and confessed to having often poached in the Trentham preserves!

After passing Healesville we turned off to a native settlement which was most interesting. About ninety aborigines and half-castes are settled on a tract of land, with a European and Christian superintendent and schoolmaster. The school was full

of little dusky children learning the three R's; they were very well-mannered. All speak English, and rather to my disappointment were dressed in jackets and trousers like anybody else! The women are dreadfully ugly, but most peaceable and docile, and seemed pleased to be visited. The men threw boomerangs for us, and one of the old chiefs ignited a fire by friction, rubbing two pieces of wood together and setting light to the inner bark of the gum-tree, which burns like tow.

Mr Shaw, the superintendent, gave us a basket and some clubs made by the natives, and as we drove away three hearty English cheers rang through the air, partly, I am afraid, for the lollipops and tobacco we left behind!

At St Hubert's, belonging to Mr Castello, the great wine-grower of Victoria, we had another rest. Mr Castello is a Swiss, his wife an Australian, and we found both very polite and kind. The house is situated in the middle of the vineyard, and commands a grand view of the Christmas Hills.

We found several English letters awaiting us in Melbourne. Mr and Mrs Moon, Miss Lamb, Sir Robert Fowler and his son, are spending the night at Government House, before leaving in the "Valetta" homeward bound.

To-morrow is actually December 1st, and the thermometer 80° in the shade!

Dec. 2, *Melbourne.*— Tuesday night we attended a great gathering of the Young Women's Christian Association in the Town Hall. The large building was filled to overflowing. Mr Paton, the missionary from the New Hebrides, gave a charming address. He has been all his life a worker among the natives. [redacted]ir of over a hundred girls' voices, blending with the tones of the beautiful organ, rang out with songs of praise to the Creator of the Old World and the New.

It was a touching sight, and one to be remembered even when the seas roll between us; for do not our English girls and boys chant the same hymns and pray like prayers in the same dear old mother tongue?

Dec. 7, *Government House, Sydney.*—We are here at last after many delays, and I am writing at a great bow-window close to the sea, with a full panorama of the harbour opening out before me. Since I have been in Australia, I have heard of nothing but the beauties of Sydney Harbour, and certainly no one could be disappointed with such sparkling blue water, such bright little islands, such wooded promontories, dotted with cosy villas,

the whole scene animated by yachts and men-of-war riding at anchor, with their flags and pennants flying in the breeze.

The journey from Melbourne is a tedious one, but we were fortunate in having the Governor's carriage from Albany, a luxury which enabled us to sleep, notwithstanding the heat and jolting. Nothing relieved the monotony of the country through which we passed, for the undulating ground, covered with the everlasting gum-trees, was only varied in places by clearances overgrown by low scrub and dead trunks of trees, which never seemed to have been taken advantage of. Here and there, it is true, we came across tracts of rich arable land, and squatters' houses with low roofs and verandahs, scattered about; but this was seldom.

This garden is full of Norfolk Island pines and clustering gardenias, and a beautiful magnolia-tree scents the air. Lady Carrington has made the house charming; and though it is really too small for a governor's residence, I think it in every way preferable to the huge palace at Melbourne, though we were sorry to leave there, the Lochs were so kind, and their popularity among the colonists is unbounded.

It is intensely hot, a sort of damp vapoury heat

which is considered trying to the residents, but delightful to sojourners such as we.

Lord Carrington has a staff of very happy, very lazy, and very pleasant young gentlemen, consisting of Lord Bertie, Mr Gwynydd Williams, Mr Sheriffe, Captain Gascoigne, and Mr Wallington.

A cloud of grey smoke trails across the horizon, and a huge black-funnelled steamer is letting go her anchor a hundred yards from the shore. She is the last mail-boat from England, and has on board Sir Anthony Musgrave, Governor of Queensland, and his wife.

Dec. 8, *Sydney.*—Last night a comic operetta was acted in the ball-room here. It seemed written to commemorate the return of William Beach, but there was not much point in it. They have made such a fuss over their champion sculler out here, one would think he had won all the battles in the world.

About two hundred and fifty people came to the play, and among others Mrs Bosanquet, whom I was very glad to see again, and my cousin Blanche Fitzroy, who has lived out here all her life. Her father and uncle Wrio are both squatters near Singleton, and have not been home for the last twenty years, I believe.

This evening we are to ride to see Lord Carrington's yearlings tried on the race-course.

Dec. 10.—The rain of the last few days cleared off yesterday, and in the evening light we saw the bay to perfection, and admired it more than ever. It is quite wonderful, the natural harbours, all deep water, which twine three and four miles inland, and afford the most excellent anchorage possible.

We went in the Governor's launch to see a new dry dock they are making, supposed to be one of the largest in the world. It is hewn and blasted entirely out of the solid rock.

The news has just reached here of such a terrible shipwreck off Cape Solitary, about one hundred miles up the coast. The steamer Kellewarra (built by Keys of Kinghorn) and the Helen Nichol collided, the former sinking immediately, and forty-five lives were lost. It is not many months since a similar accident happened, all owing to carelessness, as it was perfectly clear and smooth at the time. The catastrophe has cast a great gloom over the town.

Dec. 12.—We have just come back from the cathedral, a nice building, with a very poor choir, and a High Church precentor, who preached on

purgatory. I wonder why clergymen lose such golden opportunities of telling the simple truth when there are so many anxious souls listening to them.

A regatta was held yesterday afternoon, and the harbour looked beautiful with all the little white-sailed boats gliding about.

We have been trying to stir up some interest in the Australian *versus* England cricket-match. The visitors are winning easily. They finish all their matches here, even if they last four or five days.

The "Shannon" sailed for home last week. Dear old ship! We had a very pleasant time on her.

Dec. 15, *Sydney.*—We have driven through the town for the first time, and find it scarcely as striking as Melbourne, the streets being so much narrower. The terrible annoyance is the trams. In Melbourne they are small, and glide along without any noise, drawn by an endless chain underground; but here they are regular puffing trains, dirty and smoky, which quite spoil the appearance of the place. It is surprising how little the horses mind them.

We have been down to the South Head in the launch, and thoroughly explored the harbour. The

Heads are two great jagged cliffs which form a gateway between the open ocean and the beautiful bay winding in and out among islands and around promontories up to Sydney. The suburbs line the shores to Manley Beach, a sheltered watering-place at the foot of the cliffs. It is said as a fact, that if one followed all the ins and outs, creeks and inlets and meanderings, of the harbour, one would traverse several hundred miles, a statement which might be possible, but very difficult to believe. The water is so clear that it looks tempting for bathing, but, alas! the sharks.

We drove back along a picturesque road, past houses covered with crimson bougainvilleas, and gardens full of blue hydrangeas, clustering with hibiscus and gardenias, which grow almost wild and as big as saucers.

The Botanical Gardens are a feature of the place. Tastefully laid out, and rising from the sea-shore, they command a grand view; and the groves, full of palms, and flowering trees, and winding walks, and marble statuary, form a *tout ensemble* worthy of the colony.

There is seldom any real stillness out here, for the singing of the locusts by day and night is simply deafening. At first we thought it was

frogs, but it is a far shriller sound—and I think it horrible. People who live long in the country, strange to say, do not seem to notice it at all.

Each day we find something fresh to do; the time is flying only too fast. S. went to a big dinner at the Parliament Buildings last night with Lord Carrington. It was given in honour of the new Chief-Justice, Mr Darley, a gentleman with a handsome wife and very tall daughters.

Dec. 18.—We have successfully performed our expedition to the Blue Mountains. After an hour's travelling by special train, the plains come to an end, and the first portion of the Zigzag Railway rises to the top of the hills. Beyond Katoomba we could see range upon range stretching away to an immense distance. Here and there jagged rocks stand out above the deep gullies among gum and ti trees, making a fine break in the almost too monotonous scenery. Picturesque it is, but one stretch of Caledonia's Highlands beats it hollow! The latter part of the Zigzag Railway is a triumph of engineering skill for a young colony. It winds backwards and forwards down the mountain-side, and on the lower track one can see the curves of the same line high above.

We stopped at Eskbank for a quarter of an hour

—a dirty little coaling-place—and lunched on our return at the hotel at Katoomba, from the roof of which there is a splendid view over the wide undulating plain, the Parramatta river running like a silver thread through the orange groves and plantations.

Our party consisted of Sir Patrick Jennings; the Premier, his wife and daughter; Sir John Hay, President of the Legislative Council; Mr M'Carthy, a globe-trotter like ourselves; and a Mr and Mrs M'Hardy, she a daughter of Mr Gunn, formerly factor at Dunrobin. My neighbours at the dinner-party on Thursday were Sir John Hay and Mr Dalley. The latter for some time acted as Premier, and he was the first to suggest the sending of New South Wales troops to the Soudan. A small party afterwards brought the *élite* of Sydney society. Great was the regret of the tulle-beclouded young ladies that there was no dancing, for the ball had to be put off owing to a terrible case going on in the town, in which six young men were condemned to be hanged. Lord Carrington, who had to sit upon the Executive Council all day, was much upset by it.

Mr Harry Astley, Lord Hastings' brother, has just arrived from New Zealand.

Dec. 19.—Such a glorious day! the water and the sky a brilliant blue, and the foliage so bright! The "Nelson" is lying at anchor in the bay. We went to service on board her this morning. The sailors formed the choir, and sang so heartily. I spoke to one of the masters-at-arms—such a bright-faced man!—and he seemed so pleased to hear of home, as they have been out for three years.

Sunday is a great day for sailing, but the little boats are not seaworthy. We saw one capsize as we stood on deck; the man seemed to think nothing of it, though he clung on, looking like a drowned rat till a passing craft rescued him. The sharks are certainly very merciful!

Lord Dudley's yacht came in last night. He has been cruising for some time on the South American coast.

I think the Carringtons owe their popularity to the fact that they think very little of themselves, and a great deal of the good of the people around them. They accede to almost every request to attend meetings, school feasts, concerts, &c.; and yesterday Lady Carrington distributed the prizes to the volunteer corps. They all paraded at the barracks, and afterwards "marched past"—the bands a little inclined to play out of tune; but

the Naval Reserve, in their nice uniform, looked very well; and the Sydney Lancers are quite an imitation of the Life Guards.

In the evening, Admiral Tryon and his flag-lieutenant, Mr Pakenham, dined here, and we sang part-songs—Lord Carrington accompanying us on his flute.

To-day is the fourth Sunday in Advent—only five more days to Christmas. It is impossible to realise it!

Dec. 21.—Terrible stormy weather rather marred our excursion to the Hawkesbury river, but I am glad we went, as it is about the prettiest scenery we have yet seen. The little launch tossed us about disagreeably as far as Manley Beach, and from there we drove eight miles through very pretty bush, with frequent glimpses of the sea and the great crags that skirt the shore, the waves dashing up with fury against them.

Our large party quite filled the little steamer that took us up the river, which is as wide as a broad lake, and fringed with islands and wooded hills—really most picturesque.

We made an excellent luncheon, notwithstanding the cold, and I took very "unlike" sketches of S., Lord Carrington, Francis, Mr Dalley, Lord

Dudley, Mr Moncrieffe, Mr Williams, Mr Astley, and Mr Sheriffe: Lady Carrington had to go up to Moss Vale to see the children.

The storm increased in fury as the day wore on, and we watched the little coasting steamers tossing about in the open ocean with feelings of thankfulness that we were not on one of them. As it was, we got a tremendous bucketing passing "The Heads." I thought our little cockleshell must go over, as the waves dashed right across the deck, and every one was soaked. Even here the changes of weather are extraordinary.

We saw some lovely wild flowers on the drive, and the innkeeper at Hawkesbury gave me a big bunch of Christmas bells—a kind of gloxinia—and flannel flowers which resemble the Edelweiss.

To-night there is a big Liedertafel concert in prospect.

Dec. 23.—Our last day in Sydney. I feel so low. The place is looking at its prettiest in the bright sunshine, and we have had such a jolly time!

Among all the sights and scenes that we visited, Mr Towne's horse-breeding establishment at Richmond was to me one of the most interesting. The paddocks, surrounded by great oak-trees and hedges (a rarity in Australia), reminded one much of Eng-

land. The mares, colts, and fillies were all brought out for our inspection—animals that would have delighted my father's heart, so sleek and well they looked in preparation for the coming sale. Mr White and Mr Cooper, two great racing men out here, accompanied us. Mr Towne himself, who has a family ranging from twenty years to six months, looked like a patriarch among his children and horses!

Quite early this morning we all rode for breakfast to Botany Bay, where Captain Cook first landed, and not, as is wrongly stated, the place where the convicts came to. We saw it at its best; but the broiling sun and the hand-gallop at which we came home nearly finished me!—although we rested half-way at a wool warehouse, where they wash, sort, and dry the wool, pack and press it into great bales, and send it away. The washing must be a horrible occupation, as the wool is full of oil called "yolk," and the men are up to their necks in the dirty water all day. Some beautiful thick fleeces were shown to us. How relieved the sheep must feel to get rid of them in the summer heat!

I was sorry not to be able to visit the Prince Alfred Hospital. We had only time to have a

walk through the Botanical Gardens with Mr Moore, the curator, who told us many interesting things about the shrubs and plants, and to dine with the Admiral at his house on the "North Shore."

We wandered out in the evening on to the terrace overlooking the harbour. It was a still night, and the lights of Sydney flashed across the water and twinkled in the distance. Splashing of oars sounded faintly here and there, and now and then the discordant shrieking of the "sirens" on some outgoing or incoming steamer broke the quiet.

Francis left to-day, and went overland to Melbourne.

Xmas Eve, R.M.S. "Rome."—Here we are again, steaming along; thump, thump goes the screw just under our cabin, which would be very nice if it were not so far aft. I have a table in it, and the electric light; the windows opening on to the hatchway, and no ports. The "Rome" is built much on the same plan as the "Shannon," only about a thousand tons bigger. Captain Cates, commodore of the P. and O. Company, looks a regular old sea-dog, and our passengers up to the present are few, uninteresting, and ancient; but I am getting used to the inevitable now, and have made up my mind to take things as they come.

We were all photographed before leaving Sydney, the group including Sir Charles Mitchell, governor of the Fiji Islands; but I am afraid I had a very woe-begone face, for grief reigned supreme at parting with all at Government House. We waved farewells as long as house or boat was in view. Alas! by now "The Heads" are long left behind, and as we pace the decks we mutter sternly, Forward! "with a heart for any fate."

'Dec. 27, Government House, Melbourne.—A delightfully smooth and warm passage brought us into Williamstown yesterday afternoon. Xmas Day seemed quite out of place, basking as we were on deck, and enjoying fat gooseberries and ripe cherries given us by Mr Windyer, one of the Sydney judges, who is travelling to England with his wife. We thought much of the past happy fortnight, and of all at home, and drank "Absent friends" with misty eyes. The "Austral," of the Orient line, passed within half a mile during the morning. They signalled "A merry Christmas"; but as all our flags were decorating the saloon, we could only muster enough to return "Thank you."

A dreadfully hot wind is blowing here, and one can scarcely see the town for the clouds of dust.

Dec. 28, *Craig's Hotel, Ballarat.*—Such a long, long day we have spent. I am very sleepy, but must scribble a few lines in my diary.

We left Melbourne early this morning, accompanied by Mr Gillies and Mr Traill, and we were joined at Geelong by Sir Henry Loch, Lord Deerhurst, and Mr Charlie Balfour, who is in the Guards, and travelling for his health.

From Burrumbeet, a little beyond Ballarat, we drove to Ercildoune—such a charming station! —belonging to Sir Samuel Wilson, who at present lives at Hughenden. A large family of Fiskins were there to receive us, and gave us lunch; and Mr George Studd, whom I was surprised to meet. He had come out at a week's notice for his health, and after visiting his brother, a missionary in China, has lately returned to England.

We found the Fiskins very nice, and spent a delightful afternoon sitting out in the garden, which is full of beautiful fruit-trees, and laid out in as homely and old-fashioned a way as our English gardens, with a pond lying in front of the house covered with water-lilies, and surrounded by beautiful weeping-willows. Parrots, however, instead of sparrows, are the scourge of the place.

Late in the afternoon we drove eighteen miles in

buggies to Ballarat, the first part of our journey being accomplished across country, with no track at all to guide us, and through thick dried grass, just where our mounted policeman chose to lead us. It was great fun, but decidedly jolty.

This is a rising place, and a well-built town. The Botanical Gardens are laid out round a small lake with great tastefulness. The streets are broad and clean, and the houses are chiefly of red brick, in various shapes and styles.

We passed many miles yesterday through a wide agricultural district, where the soil is so rich and fertile that it looked promising for depressed farmers who might emigrate from the mother country. Mr Gillies, the Premier of Victoria, is rather an interesting man. We had an animated discussion about fanatics, and both agreed we liked them, and wished there were a few more in the world, but from rather different points of view!

I cannot say that yesterday was profitably spent at the races at Caulfield. Steeplechases in this country are most horrible spectacles. Men ride wildly at stiff timber fences, about ten too many at a time. Of course there is a scrimmage, and nearly every one comes a "cropper." One rider was carried senseless off the ground; but as a rule, they

pull themselves together in a wonderful way, and off they go again. Ugh! it makes one's blood run cold—quite as bad as the Spanish bull-fights. I expressed myself freely on the subject at dinner in Toorak, where pretty Mrs Blackwood entertained us and a small party. She is one of the *élite* of Melbourne, and an Australian only by marriage.

I made the acquaintance of Mr Chirnside—quite a character in these parts. Some time ago he lived at Skibo. Poor old fellow! his love for the "whusky" has brought him to a sad end, for we hear that he was found dead in his garden the other day, with his gun beside him. Heigh-ho!

Dec. 30, "*Rome*," *off Queenscliffe.*—A very bustling busy day was yesterday. We left Ballarat quite early, and drove twenty miles to the "Madame Berry" gold-mine. Here we were all robed in the most extraordinary garments, I in flowing white flannel unmentionables and enormous boots, with a bushranger's hat to crown all; the men in every kind of blouse and head-gear. Down, down we went to the bottom level, where the passages are about four feet broad and six high, and one wades ankle-deep through mud and water. Tiny trucks

conveyed us by the light of tallow candles to the washings, where I gazed on lots of white chalk; but alas! my visions of walls of gold were quite dispelled. A few glittering grains here and there, and that seemed all to reward the diggers for their great toil. I am told, however, they have got over a million out of this one mine, which sounds satisfactory. When we arrived at the top very wet and dirty, I saw the whole process of sifting and washing the clay away; the ore being heavy, sticks to the bottom of the troughs.

We were not exempt from a luncheon and speeches, and the directors kindly presented me with a gold nugget, and an illuminated report of the mine and the dividend they paid, &c., &c. I think they hoped we should invest our little all!

After this function, off we went again, a fifteen miles' dusty drive through a very pretty country to Daylesford, where many people were assembled at the station. Some ladies in smart bonnets were most gracious; but I felt very uncomfortable from tasting some horrible mineral water for which the place is famous, and a noisy brass band somewhat marred the proceedings.

At Mount Macedon we found Lady Loch and

the children; but we had to leave again early in the morning, as our ship was to sail at twelve; and sad, indeed, we were to part with them all. Mr Traill came down to the ship, and also Miss Jones, who brought some flowers, which made my cabin smell delightfully.

Jan. 2, *The "Rome."*—We spent New Year's Day —such a hot, hot day!—in Adelaide. At 5 o'clock A.M. we dropped anchor off Glenelg, in the same glorious sunshine we found on the way out, so to us it will always be sunny Adelaide.

By great good luck the "Sutlej," outward bound, arrived at the same time, and we met Lord Sandhurst and his brother, who brought me letters and a New Year's box from home.

We all went ashore and breakfasted with the Governor, Sir William Robinson, at present staying at Glenelg. He is a tall, clean-shaven, clever-looking man, and devoted to music; but he must be a tyrant, as he makes his aide-de-camp wear uniform at all times; black uniform, and cap too! I felt so sorry for him in the tropical heat. To us Sir William was most pleasant. We passed the morning in Adelaide, looked into some of the rooms in Government House, and walked through the Botanical Gardens with Dr Schomberg,—such a

clever old man, and quite renowned out here! He has done a great deal for the Museum and the Adelaide Gardens. The latter suffer much from drought, the average rainfall being only twenty-one inches in the year.

Before we returned to the steamer, a cheery lieutenant showed us over the "Protector," a small gun-boat stationed to defend the port. He explained to us the merits and demerits of the guns, and S. was much interested.



Chief Engineer on board "Rome." New Year's Day, 1887.

At six to the minute we weighed anchor, and are now rolling along in the great Australian Bight in fairly smooth water. Our passengers haven't properly shaken down yet. Some are sick, and some

are strange, and on the whole I prophesy a dull voyage.

Jan 5, "*Rome*," *King George's Sound.*—The last view of Albany is dying away in the distance. It has struck two bells—five o'clock P.M.—and we are steaming out to the open ocean. Very bleak and grey Albany looks, and very desolate. When we saw it first six weeks ago, we were prepared to look on everything *couleur de rose*, but not even the most enthusiastic person could wish to spend more than a day there. I should think an hour quite enough in such a deserted spot, with the bare sandy hills all round, and at present not a wild flower to redeem them. It may look picturesque in the sunshine; indeed, people assert that at times it is lovely. For my part I pity the inhabitants most heartily. They seem to depend for life solely on the coming and going of the P. and O. steamers.

We went on shore for a couple of hours this morning, and tried to climb up to a flagstaff at the top of a hill—the usual passengers' walk; but we gave up half-way, and after gathering a few flowers—the remains of a former profusion—we returned to the ship, where we have been sketching and firing pistols at the sharks ever since.

We caught a number of fish called "flap-jacks," with scraps of meat on long lines.

We had fine bright weather, with a heavy swell, all the way from Adelaide. Now and then a few albatross swayed about, following the ship's wake in the hope of food; or we caught sight of a large whale "spouting" in the distance, or a shoal of playful porpoises rolling about to starboard, but never a sail.

In a few hours we shall have passed Cape Lewin, and Australia, with her tall gum-trees, blue mountains, lonely bush and fertile "claims," growing cities and rich gold-mines, will be lost to our sight, perhaps for ever! Sydney with its lovely harbour, profuse vegetation, and delightful climate; Melbourne with its bustling life, broad streets, and ambitious inhabitants; and Adelaide, sunny and picturesque, striving hard to rival her more fortunate sisters, and in cleanliness and brightness perhaps outbidding them.

I don't think people in England realise how great and growing our colonies are, but they will have to.

Already the new country is making the old one feel her power, and Great Britain is indeed fortunate to have such brothers and sisters; loyal and

true, ready to stand by her in storm and sunshine, ay! and to see her great name sustained, we may hope, for centuries to come.

Good-bye, Australia! We are grateful for your hospitality, filled with admiration of your beauty, and hopeful that some day we shall visit you again as old friends, not "new chums."

Jan. 14, "*Rome*," *Indian Ocean.*—What have I got to write about our voyage? Absolutely nothing! not even a storm has broken the monotony. Although the ship has been most aptly christened the "Rolling Rome," we have been quite free from sea-sickness, and have spent our days hanging about the deck reading aloud or writing voluminous letters home.

Since leaving Albany the sea has been calm, with the exception of a steady swell; the last four or five days the heat has been intense. We have been favoured by the south-east trades, but now have a slight head-wind, just enough to cool the deck, which the double awning keeps from the sun's glare.

Our passengers are most decorous and dull, the food very bad, and the dinners, oh, so long! Sometimes they dance in the evening, and last night we had a concert. I waded through "Oft in a

stilly night." Luckily for me, there were no musical critics on board. Choir practice makes a break in the long hours. The purser and doctor are proud of their voices; but as they are sworn enemies, it is impossible to make both take a part!

The stewards are getting up a Christy Minstrel entertainment, which ought to be amusing — one plays the banjo, another the concertina, and a third the bones, and they really do it very well.

During the last week there has been a lovely moon, and often we go and sit on the forecastle, and look back at the great ship with its tall black masts and funnels and white sails moving along so silently, and looking so weird in the silver light. However, I am very glad to hear that we are approaching Colombo. The barman makes very bad "lemon squashes," and altogether I am in a discontented frame of mind—but oh, it is so hot!

Jan. 18, *P. & O. s.s. "Surat," Gulf of Manaar.*— About noon on Sunday the "Rome" hove in sight of land, and we sniffed again the spicy breezes of Ceylon. We passed within two miles of the little town of Galle, lying on the palm-fringed coast, now quite deserted by shipping, and anchored, before the sun went down in a golden blaze of glory, within the breakwater at Colombo. We

made the best of the fading daylight, and landed at once after a hasty and very unemotional good-bye to the "Rome."

Fortunately, owing to its being Sunday, which is observed to some extent out here, we were spared the importunities of the merchants at the Oriental Hotel, and long before they had begun their daily torments we were off to Kandy.

Twenty-four hours is scarcely long enough to give one a comprehensive impression of any place, but I have a very vivid remembrance of the enchanting scenery we passed on the journey, and of the Singhalese capital itself.

Leaving the sea-coast, a grand expanse of country opens out before one. Great wild hills rear themselves in fantastic shapes to the sky, covered with profuse tropical vegetation, and overshadowing the emerald-green rice terraces and tea and cocoa plantations. All along the railway line clustered the graceful "Kittoul"; and areca palms and mangoes, banyans and banana-trees, drooped under the load of heavy creepers clinging with serpentine tenacity to every branch. The scent of jasmine and cinnamon filled the air, and even the trail of smoke from the wood fuel on the engine wafted an odour like incense in a Roman church! It seemed too strange gazing

on that luxuriant jungle of plants and shrubs, which in the hottest of our conservatories we can only force to a pigmy size. At one point on the line, "Sensation Rock," a precipice treacherously overgrown, slants sheer down to the valley below, while above rises a perpendicular cliff, which every minute threatens to fall and shatter the passing train. Here and there one sees a native village or a lonely hut inland, but the majority of the inhabitants live by the sea-shore.

Arrived in Kandy, we found our way to the Queen's Hotel, kept by a Mr Campbell, a ruined coffee-planter. Coffee-growing was at one time the great industry of Ceylon; but people soon found it unprofitable, though too late for many to save their fortunes.

The great Buddhist temple at Kandy is a very fine and ancient edifice, and the Singhalese swear that the only authentic "Buddha's tooth" is kept within its precincts. We were too lazy to venture out in the evening to gaze upon this relic, though the ceremony of opening the sacred casket is performed with great pomp by the priests, to the accompaniment of tom-toms, at a certain hour every day.

"Lady Horton's Walk," a short distance above

Kandy, commands a most beautiful view towards Adam's Peak; but a heavy thunder-shower coming on, we lost much of the scene.

From there we found our way to the Peradenyia Botanical Gardens, where the palm-trees at all seasons grow as strong as British oaks, and the bamboos throw our birches into the shade, and in clusters of hundreds shoot out their feathery leaves to an immense height.

The "sensitive plant" is a common weed, and I noticed the rubbish-heaps contained many specimens of plants we cherish in our hothouses at home.

As yet I have been spared the sight of a cobra, but a sleepy scorpion on the garden path was bad enough. They are ugly black creatures, like small cray-fish, and with a sting nearly as poisonous as a snake.

We drove back into Kandy at sunset, along the well-kept Colombo road, the hedges yellow with sunflowers, and a continual crowd of brightly clothed darkies everywhere.

The low thatched huts of the natives border each side for miles. Here are seen the effeminate-looking Singhalese, small of stature, with docile gentle faces, rather like frightened deer. There



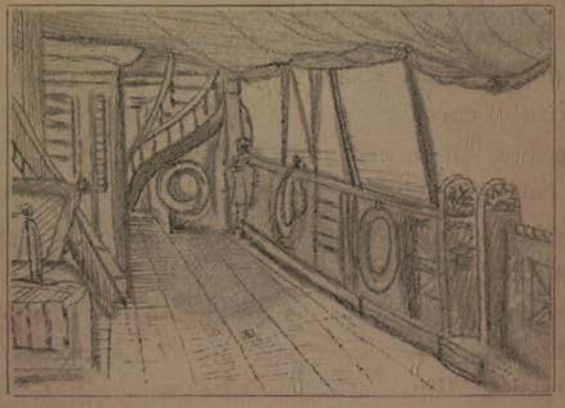
saunters a Buddhist priest begging from door to door for the rice none dare refuse him. They are strange-looking fellows, with their shaven heads, yellow draperies, and little Japanese parasols and fans. Now and again a tall active "Tamil" (native of Southern India), with a different and far more savage type of countenance, comes swinging down the road, and a stout beturbaned Mohammedan waddles in the rear, while the little black naked children scream and crawl in the mud, and their mothers, with tiny "chellabys" (babies) on their hips, stand or sit in the doorways. Scene—a constantly changing kaleidoscope, but a very remarkable one.

Kandy is most charmingly situated about 2500 feet above the sea-level, and consequently comparatively cool. It lies on the border of a lake and in an amphitheatre of hills covered with tea plantations. The population is much smaller than in Colombo, although it is the capital.

We were obliged to leave early this morning for Bombay, and joined this ship, a creaky, cranky old thing—one of the oldest of the P. & O. fleet. We left the "Rome" and "Pekin" still loading for England. It was delightful getting a budget of letters on Sunday.

Holloa! my ink-bottle has lurched into my lap, and that tiresome carpenter wants to screw up the ports, notwithstanding the stifling heat! I hope I may maintain my reputation as a good sailor, but I rather doubt it under the circumstances!

Jan. 21, *Esplanade Hotel, Bombay.*—By the light of three tallow-candles, our unpacked portmanteaus



P. & O. s.s. "Surat." Jan. 20, 1887.

strewing the bare floor, and half-a-dozen mosquitoes devouring my ankles, it is no wonder that I sit down in a very unamiable state of mind to write in this tiresome old diary.

The sunset was glorious this evening when we anchored in the bay after a most pleasant three days' cruise up the coast of India. The sea was

blue and calm as a lake, the land very clear, and plenty of sailing-boats and steamers to attract our attention.

In these climes there is no twilight, so it was as much as we could do to bundle our baggage together and come ashore in the Company's rickety old steam-launch, before night enveloped us all in a pall of darkness; but I caught a glimpse of the low-lying city, Malabar Hill, a slight elevation to the left, and a background of sandy, golden-brown hills, across which the setting sun was sending crimson and purple shadows.



Francis, P. & O. s.s. "Surat." Jan. 20, 1887.

The Governor is away in the provinces, and not even the inevitable "Cook's agent" came to

welcome us, so we must make up our minds to a dreary night in this enormous, crowded, and most uncomfortable hotel, full of dark corners and sleepy mosquitoes, and no doubt innumerable cockroaches. Luckily, it is quite cold,—the first time for many weeks we have wanted our ulsters. The food at *table d'hôte* was horrible, and we ended by feasting off biscuits and rice! Fortunately we have home letters to console us, and we can only go to bed and trust that the morrow may brighten our prospects and bring us news of the Reays.

Sir C. Aitchison, Governor of the Punjaub, has secured the first floor here, and one tumbles over his retinue of handsome puggareed Sikhs in their scarlet uniform, fast asleep at every corner.

Jan. 22, *Government House, Bombay.*—The sun has rolled away our clouds! I am writing in a cosy bungalow which we have all to ourselves at the top of Malabar Hill, within sight and smell of the sea, breaking under the influence of a strong breeze in foamy waves on the rocks below.

Despair filled us this morning when we rose to find breakfast worse than the dinner, and no news of the Governor. We took "the bull by the horns," as they say, however, and drove up here to find,

Jameses, and Mr Lort Philips. The Manchesters, Roseberys, Aberdeens, Annesleys, Huntleys, Lord Fife, and all the other fashionables, "have been and gone," and we are fortunate in escaping a premature London season!

The days pass very quietly, as no one dreams of going out in the sun, and every expedition, riding or walking, has to be carried out early or very late. At present I am writing in my shirt-sleeves (literally!), with closed jalousies.

Yesterday was the first quiet Sunday we have had for some time. As we came out of the little church after service, we witnessed the most glorious sunset. Stretched across the heavens to the far horizon, an orange glow was deepening to a brilliant green. Purple shadows shot across the pale sky in the distance, forming an intense contrast truly tropical. Against this glorious effect rose the dark buttresses and pillars of the Indian buildings, and feathery palms black as the on-coming night. Only too short a time did it last; the superb vision died away into gloom, and we hurried home under the spreading banyan-trees, with the soft-footed natives flitting about and the bats wheeling around. The tiny lights from the huts flickered like so many stars, and the air was

laden with a curious heavy scent, a mixture of *esprit de corps*, cocoa-nut oil and incense, at the same time pleasing and disgusting the nostrils. It was all somehow weird, uncanny—perhaps because the surroundings were so novel.

Jan. 26, *Government House, Bombay.*—We spent a busy time yesterday. In the early freshness of the morning we accompanied Lady Reay for a ride by the sea-shore, over a sandy track which has been laid out skirting the railway, and is indeed the only place where one can gallop in comfort. I was mounted on a nice little Arab; but as my saddle was too small and my *solah topee* too large, I didn't enjoy myself particularly.

Luncheon at the Yacht Club, with punkahs swaying, and the cool sea-breeze blowing in at the large windows, was more enjoyable. I must say this club is one of the nicest institutions of Bombay. It is built on the Apollo Bunder, close to the water; a strip of really green grass in front is usually covered in the evening with smart ladies and attentive gentlemen, while the band plays, and every one discusses the new regiment, or the latest scandal, or the home news which yonder mail-steamer lying at anchor has just brought in.

At sunset we drove off to a charming house built

on a rock, and famous for the really magnificent view it obtains over Bombay and the surrounding country. Here Mr Melville, a member of the Civil Service, was giving a garden-party, where, among groups of sober-clad Europeans, one discerned the delicate rose or sky-blue "saris" of the Parsee ladies—soft silk wrappers clinging from head to foot. The constant intercourse with Europeans has broken down many barriers, and certainly the Parsees have now quite adopted freedom for women, and treat male and female from an equal standpoint—a great advantage for both sexes. It is a pity that among all Eastern nations it is not the universal custom. The women are intelligent above the average, and some are very handsome notwithstanding their Jewish type of countenance. The men are often employed in influential posts under the Government, and talk English as a rule fluently. We were much struck, when riding along at sunrise, at the rows of them kneeling eastward, their foreheads to the ground or muttering strange prayers from a book. This reverent worship of the orb of light was a touching sight; but I am afraid they understood little of what they were praying, as the Parsee language is a dead one.

Among the Hindoos I was introduced to a clever Mahratta, Telang by name. He spoke polished English, and to my great astonishment seemed *au fait* of all the events of the time. I am told he is a member of the Council.

Among the crowd I noticed a mustard-coloured coat and pair of trousers, which, notwithstanding their size, turned out to be habiliments of a fat Persian boy ten years old. He was addressed as "his Highness Agha Khan." I was anxious to know something of him, and was told that his father or grandfather had done some great service for his people, and consequently this child was worshipped as a semi-god, and given anything he wished for! What will his future be?

We had a dull dinner in the evening, the guests consisting chiefly of the members of a commission that has been sitting in Bombay for some time, to consider the important and urgent demands of some of the higher-class natives for posts under Government, and more power in the management of affairs, which, as England is anxious to be as conciliatory as possible and yet keep the upper hand, requires careful consideration. Among the guests were Sir C. and Lady Aitchison and (the late) Professor Darmestetter, outwardly a delicate-

looking man, but extremely learned in oriental languages.

Jan. 27, *Bombay.*—I think the Reays are so wise to have fixed on the cool and bright bungalows of Malabar Point as their residence.

Parell, the old Government House, situated in a low-lying part of the town, is an ugly building, with a stagnant tank of water permeating the otherwise pleasant garden with horrible odours. Strange to say, Sir James Ferguson (the late governor), always preferred this place to live in, though here his wife died of cholera.

Mr George Leveson-Gower and Mr Schoolbridge arrived from Ceylon and the South this evening.

After dinner we went off with the Lytteltons and some of the staff to a fancy ball given by the bachelors of Bombay. A duller entertainment I had never been to. Mrs Lyttelton looked well as "Moonshine." Good dresses and pretty faces were few and far between, even with the allowable addition of rouge and black-lead. One dame, fat, alas! not fair and forty, came as the Duchess of Devonshire, and knocked everybody over with her hat. Another, a tiny woman with a snub nose and *cheveux dorés*, was adorned in pink Grecian drapery, with ample display of shoulders and arms.

A Midshipman and a Fairy, two bright little women, looked well, as did also a Convict and Gladiator.

I suppose on the whole it was a success. Hundreds of Chinese lanterns, interspersed with little tumblers of oil and lighted wicks, made a grand illumination. The natives understand all such arrangements to perfection. Of course the climate is in their favour.

Jan. 28.—Our expedition to the Elephanta Caves came off yesterday. The Government launch took us through the harbour, and after three-quarters of an hour, brought us to a picturesque hilly island, green with rich vegetation and cocoa-nut palms. Here are situated the famous caves, the resort of every tourist who visits Bombay and who is not deterred by the rumours of snakes and disagreeable smells, which latter are plentiful; but we saw none of the former. The caves are at the top of a long flight of steps; and Mrs Lyttelton and I were carried up in chairs by the natives—a decidedly unpleasant experience. There are a few natives and little dusky children on the island, who grow tiresome by their importunities for annas. The caves are in a measure interesting, but I was disappointed. In times gone by the Portuguese had endeavoured to destroy them

as idolatrous; so, in consequence, what remains is much defaced. Still it is wonderful to believe that all the figures have been carved by hand out of the solid rock: Brahma, the Creator; Vishnu, the Preserver; Siva, the Destroyer. Three heads on one neck, the Hindoo idea of the triple divinity, are certainly very fine; one hand grasps a cobra, another a lotus-flower. Few of the pillars are left; those still standing are tottering. Mr Leveson-Gower maintains that the place, as a whole, is not to be compared to the Karli Caves in the mountains.

We reached the Apollo Bunder just as darkness fell, having had tea in the launch. The nicest thing of the expedition, we all agreed, was the lovely view from the island; Bombay, over which the sun was setting, on the one hand, and the hills, fading into graceful outlines in the blue haze, on the other.

There were three sweet little puppies cuddled up in the middle of the cave, fast asleep. I was most anxious to bring them home; but alas! the dogs out here are not fit for pets. They are regular scavengers, and terribly neglected, and suffer from mange and many diseases.

The usual dinner-party took place in the evening,

and included among others, Mr and Mrs Antrobus, Major Garrett, 16th Lancers, Captain Hanbury Williams, Sir Henry Turner, and the Admiral.

Jan. 29, *Bombay.*—We spent the morning yesterday investing in soft delicate silks and embroideries, which are found in perfection here.

After tiffin, turning our thoughts from the frivolous to the solemn, we paid a visit to the Parsee burial-ground—the famous "Towers of Silence." They are situated in the midst of a charming garden, far above the city. Palm-trees and flowers flourish round the whitewashed walls, where are perched the hungry vultures, waiting for their prey, in the bright sunshine. It is a revolting idea that of thrusting one's cherished dead to these famished brutes, who tear the bodies limb from limb, and the flesh from the bones! A loquacious secretary showed us a model of the towers, which are each divided into three divisions within: one for men, one for women, and one for children, according to good deeds, good words, and innocent thoughts—so he informed us; though why women should only content themselves with good words, I know not. The idea which the whole system means to convey—that the dust does not return to the mother earth — is somewhat mistaken,

as the vultures carry pollution all over the country.

We were obliged to cut the excellent Parsee's discourse short, as the sun was getting very low; and after accepting a bunch of flowers, took our leave, and drove to the bazaars, where we had the good fortune to meet a Hindoo marriage procession. The bride was shut up in a kind of box, so we did not even get a glimpse of her, poor child! but her little sisters riding, and the miserable-looking bridegroom in a coat of gold mail, seemed to be the most interesting objects in the crowd. We heard the bride was eleven years old, which is considered quite old to be married! A drive through the native bazaar is most entertaining. It is the oldest part of Bombay, and many strange houses are left standing. A tremendous crowd of all nations were jabbering and gesticulating in the streets, while the more peaceful sat cross-legged in their shop-fronts, quietly smoking. We walked all through the Crawford Market, full of fruit and grain, birds and animals—a native Covent Garden; but as at home, it is more interesting visited at daybreak.

We joined Francis at the Yacht Club for tea. We see very little of him, as he doesn't care for

"sights"! It was quite dark when we hurried home to dress for the inevitable dinner-party.

Each day the sun rises on a bright and cloudless sky; each evening sinks to sleep 'mid orange and purple. Would that we could transfer a little of its warmth and beauty to England!

Lord Rosebery arrived from Calcutta this morning.

Jan. 31, *The Camp, Nadiad.*—Saturday evening closed with another dinner-party at Government House. Forty-five! dreadfully dull; a large proportion of no doubt clever but decidedly acclimatised officials. But I was very glad to meet Mr Conder, manager of the G.I.P. Railway,—an interesting man. He has devoted much time and energy to the success of the missions. An old friend came to tiffin yesterday—Hugh Tufnell, son of the rector at Easton. We had not met for seven years.

We took leave of Bombay late last night, and travelling by the slowest of trains, arrived here at daybreak. It was bitterly cold all night, and yet the carriage was full of mosquitoes. Sleeping was out of the question, for the natives made a deafening din in the next carriage, and at all the wayside stations.

Mr and Mrs Sheppard, who are, I ought to add, our host and hostess, have made us very comfortable in little tents, the only drawback being the extreme chilliness of the nights and the intense heat of the day.

This is a large agricultural district, and a show, essentially native, is going on at present close at hand. We spent the morning looking at the assortment of grain, vegetables, fruit, and tobacco, &c., &c.; tobacco-cutting and sugar-cane-crushing machines, of which there are a great variety; ploughs, and various other implements connected with land cultivation. Milch buffaloes, soft-eyed bullocks, and some few camels, we also saw. Two lively little bullocks I longed to take home to drive. They trot as fast as ponies, but I fear our climate would not suit them.

I am very glad to have met the Sheppards again. We had been fellow-passengers on the "Siam." He is the Commissioner of the Northern Division, Bombay Presidency, and his wife is a most energetic woman, speaking Hindustani and Gujerathi quite fluently.

Feb. 1, *The Camp, Nadiad.*—In the cool of the evening Mrs Sheppard and I drove in her tonga, a low two-wheeled cart drawn by two tiny chestnut

ponies, to visit some Hindoo ladies and their families. None of them could speak a word of English, and seemed much surprised that I had been a fortnight in India without knowing Hindustani to perfection! We visited two houses, one a poor and the other a rich family, where the saris of the ladies excited my admiration: they were most lovely, embroidered with gold and flowers. On leaving, as is the usual custom when visited by sahibs, we were adorned with flower-garlands round neck and arms. A packet of betel-nut wrapped in gold-leaf was thrust into our hands, and we were sprinkled copiously with scent. As the flowers are always dripping with wet, which runs down one's neck, it is not altogether pleasant. We took our leave with smiles and salaams, and drove through the town and little bazaar, which is really most picturesque; it is thoroughly native, for there are no Europeans in the place except ourselves. The young women and girls generally are handsome and well-grown, the houses very old and quaintly carved, and the streets so narrow they are more like lanes. We bought some native bangles for a few annas, also some pieces of stuff. The village is well worth seeing, and I daresay we shall not pass

through any other place in India so utterly devoid of white faces.

A native cotton-spinning mill, of no particular interest, was the last thing we explored before dark.

In the evening about nine, Mrs Sheppard and I paid another visit to the show, which, between the hours of seven and ten, was open exclusively to women. The whole place was brightly illuminated, and a bad brass band played at intervals. It was a striking sight to see about five hundred of these dusky females pressing round us, holding our hands or feeling our dresses. They all averaged about five feet in height, so that I looked a perfect giantess among them, and felt very uncomfortable. The high-caste ladies were in bright colours and silks, and the children with heavy ear and nose rings, disfiguring their otherwise pretty faces. The low-caste women jabbered in the background, looking very dingy in their dark cottons in the bright light. We were accommodated with seats on a sort of dais, while the children sang, or rather crooned, to us a song of welcome, and then executed what they call their marriage-dance, which consists in moving round in

a ring, clapping their hands, and swaying their bodies. Before leaving, we walked round the exhibits again, followed by the whole troupe of these eager dark-faced creatures, who seemed very much astonished both at our clothes and at our height.

I noticed one thing when visiting the Hindoo ladies which amused me much. It is not etiquette for the wife to be seen with her husband in the presence of strangers; so, when the man appears, the woman immediately flies to the background, or, in a contrary case, the husband makes a precipitate retreat. It gives one rather a funny impression.

Nadiad, or Neriad, is situated just between Baroda and Ahmedabad, in a splendid agricultural district. We passed through a verdant park-like country this morning on our way to a Hindoo monastery called Verthal, about eight miles from the camp. Mrs Sheppard and I drove in the tonga, the others rode. Great trees spread their branches over lanes that remind one of Devonshire, skirted on either side with cactus hedges overgrown with trailing creepers. Fields of tobacco, sugar-cane, rice, anise, and castor-oil followed one upon another, and many other plants grew thick and green as well.

Arrived at Verthal, we entered by huge gates

into the courtyard where the public are admitted. A really fine Hindoo temple stands in the middle, while the priests' and fakirs' quarters and praying and other rooms are all round. The temple within has fine marble floor and carved pillars, but nothing else of note. The fakirs (the holy brethren) are all attired in a lovely shade of orange-pink cotton—beds, turbans, water-bottles, towels, all wrapped in and made of the same,—so that the effect with the sun glinting down the dark passages was very pretty. The priests are not allowed to gaze on a Christian woman unless they abjure food till after sunset as punishment, so like rabbits they bolt into their holes and disappear. For all that, I can vouch there were many "peeping Toms" as we passed along! One man was just beginning his morning devotions —a little private worship of his own, which consisted in preparing, in a tiny wooden cup and platter, his idols' breakfast—the idols being two staring dolls, the worshipper an old man of seventy. Would that we Christians acted up to *our* convictions in the way these men carry out their beliefs, idolatrous as they are! It is this want of consistency, a great deal, which is hindering the mission work in India. The few great and good workers that do exist command an amount of influence and devo-

tion quite unequalled. On leaving the monastery we were covered with garlands, and the floors strewn with jasmine blossoms; and little books, Hindoo testaments, bound in quaint silk, were presented to us, which will be curiosities to keep.

Our return drive along the rutty, sandy lanes was very pleasant, for the sun had warmed the chill morning air. The trees were full of "mynah" birds, delicate green fly-catchers, and here and there a large black and brown bird called the Java pheasant; innumerable parrots also; and in a marshy field three tall grey cranes, known as "sarus," strutted about. The riders came across monkeys and jackals.

I have slept very well each night under an eider-down quilt, notwithstanding the howling of the jackals round our tents. To-morrow we bid farewell to camp life.

Feb. 2, *Ahmedabad, Gujerat.*—We found the journey from Neriad a short one, the line passing through pretty wooded country swarming with monkeys. We are staying in rooms, at the station, that are fairly clean and comfortable. There is no hotel in the place.

While I write in a sort of back-yard verandah, the little striped squirrels are chasing each other

quite fearlessly round my chair, and three impudent carrion-crows are perched upon the table. These birds think nothing of flying down on one's chair or breakfast-tray, and picking something off it with great triumph. There are a great many soft grey doves also cooing in the trees. The natives never kill the animals—indeed many of them they regard as sacred, as well as the trees, it being considered a great sin to cut down one of these without immediately planting another—the banyans especially—the trunks of which are often painted red.

Before leaving Nadiad, the Maharajah of Verthal very kindly sent us his photograph, surrounded by his priests, in honour of our visit, and a large tribute of fruit, nuts, and sugar-candy to Mr and Mrs Sheppard, who, owing to their official position, are not allowed to accept anything more valuable.

We had great fun in the little village last night, poking about the back-streets and picking up quaint rubbish, surrounded by a crowd of astonished natives. Mr Gocoldas and Becherdas Désai, two intelligent and pleasant Hindoos, accompanied us; and I ought to mention that before leaving they brought me as a parting gift a lovely little piece of "kincob" (embroidered silk), which is very expensive.

As it was our last evening, we stayed out late and walked back at dusk, the clear sky bright with a new moon, and numberless stars shining upon our white tents, and the "flying foxes"—a large kind of bat—whirling about. The evenings are very cold, so we sat round a huge bonfire after supper, listening to the distant strains of the Maharajah's band in the show—very much out of tune—and the far-off howl of the jackals. I could not help thinking of them all at home as I looked into the red embers, and how strange it was to be sitting among these lonely tents far out in the Indian plain, thousands of miles away from the snow and ice—from the bright-lighted noisy streets, and the gaiety and pleasure—from the sin and sorrow, the want and misery of the great metropolis of that country, which holds complete sway over the millions of inhabitants and acres all around. How little, indeed, one half of the world realises how the other half lives!

Ahmedabad is a town of some 120,000 inhabitants. It is very old, and surrounded by a high wall extending for six miles, ornamented by round towers and sixteen gates.

All the morning we have been bargaining with the silk merchants and ruining ourselves in kincob. At four o'clock a very polite Hindoo came to

fetch us for a drive in his carriage to see the sights of the place. He was very shy, poor young man! but spoke and understood English fairly well.

We drove first to the great reservoir outside the city, approached by flights of stone steps. On an island in the middle a lovely garden was laid out full of roses and mignonette. Within this garden stood an ancient gateway, which, built by a king of Ahmedabad in 1459, had been lately restored. The whole thing is strikingly ornamental. This artificial lake is called Kankaryia, and is full of fish, strictly preserved. One or two mysterious alligators are occasionally appearing and disappearing. Flocks of snow-white paddy-birds or small cranes were congregated on the edge; they roost in the banyan-trees, and look just like snowy flowers among the green branches. Leaving Kankaryia, we visited one of many ruined mosques, for which Ahmedabad is famous. The first one, named "Shah Allum," is situated some way from the gates of the city. An ancient archway gives entrance to a paved courtyard, in which women and children were playing and a number of Mussulmans were seated at their evening meal. We entered a small mosque, and were struck with the rich carv-

ing which covered every inch of the walls, to carry out the idea "that Allah sees everything and everywhere." We admired immensely the artistic brasswork of the doors. Returning into the town, we visited two more mosques—"Rani Sapri" and the "Rani's tomb"—both homes for dank weeds and sleepy bats, and rapidly, alas! falling into decay.

We came in for a second Hindoo marriage procession in the bazaar, which had, if possible, a noisier brass band and a more gorgeous appearance than the one we saw in Bombay. Our guide, Mr Chotulull, anxious that we should see everything that was to be seen, drove us out through one of the many gateways, three miles along a dusty road, among avenues of tamarinds and banyans, with monkeys gambolling by the wayside and parrots screeching overhead, to the cantonments. It has a very desolate appearance now, for its long line of barracks and bungalows are nearly deserted, and the broad sandy plain, so convenient for parade and drills, was only brightened here and there by a solitary red-coat. It is the most charming situation for a camp, and once, when many troops were stationed here, a most favoured resort, but now only a handful of Europeans and a regiment of natives occupy the

place. We saw some of the former trying to play an animated game of tennis. Poor fellows, how lonely they must be!

As we drove back to the station I noticed many curious houses, exhibiting on the fronts, corners, and doorways some delicate intricate carving quite remarkable. Mr Chotulull told us that the high city ramparts make the interior extremely hot in the summer.

Arrived at our rooms, we found a disappointed Parsee, Mr Edalji Dosabhai — assistant deputy collector—and an apologetic Hindoo, Mr Manibhai Premabhai Hemabhai, who had also brought their carriages for us, and found us flown with the first-comer; so now we are pledged to drive with them to-morrow early, for some more sightseeing before starting on a twenty-four hours' journey to Jeypore, so I must to bed.

Mosquitoes, and I am sorry to say their more bloodthirsty cousins, abound here!

Feb. 4, *Kaisar-i-Hind Hotel, Jeypore, Rajputana.* —In Jeypore at last! A slow, dusty journey has brought us to the "Rose" city, as Jeypore is familiarly called, the capital of the Rajputs. Quite a different race, of a taller stature and a finer caste of features, seems to have sprung up

around us; none the less rogues for all that, as the arguing and bargaining I have been going through all the morning can testify, though through sheer weariness I have let myself be cheated in the end. Garnets, crystals, and enamellings of all kinds, are what the place is chiefly famous for.

Except when passing Mount Aboo and the accompanying ranges of hills, whose grandeur was enhanced by a crimson sunset, we saw nothing remarkable in the journey; travelling chiefly through sandy jungly plains, quite deserted except for the lonely little stations, with pure white mosque-like domes—singular, yet striking.

This is a clean hotel, with good food—quite an exception in this country. As it is situated about a mile from the town, we have not yet seen the pink-tinted walls and colouring which have given its name to the city. Jeypore itself is comparatively modern, built in the early part of the eighteenth century—1739.

An expedition to the ruined capital and palaces of Amber is contemplated for to-morrow.

Before leaving Ahmedabad, Mr Manibhai Premabhai Hemabhai — who is a son of the municipal chairman—and the Parsee deputy collector, came to fetch us for a drive. We first went to the

young Hindoo's house — really a charming residence—but half the things were covered up, and the walls were decorated with cheaper prints than one finds in English cottages. The old mayor—seventy-two years old—was seated on a pillow in the middle of the drawing-room, and greeted us with a salaam, for he could speak no English. He had all his family jewels brought out for us to gaze upon. There were some massive gold ornaments, and some splendid emeralds and pearls, but set in the most hideous fashion, and the diamonds all uncut, so that they looked like glass.

After taking our leave of the old gentleman, we then went to the workshops and show-rooms where the famous carving is done, and saw some beautiful bureaus and brackets in sandal and black wood. They were dreadfully expensive, but the owner had many orders in hand, chiefly from Americans.

I must return to Jeypore. At two o'clock the Maharajah's carriage arrived to take us, as the Resident had kindly arranged, to the palace. It stands in the middle of the city, surrounded by a network of streets. The houses are all painted the colour of strawberry-cream, with every sort

of curious ornamentation, and turrets looking for all the world like sugar castles on a cake.

The palace, in a portion of which the Maharajah lives, is large and rambling, with endless dark passages, innumerable small rooms, gaily if not artistically decorated. Courtyards, full of servants attired in gaudy uniforms, divide one portion of the building from the other. The buildings are painted, for variation, yellow and white. We went everywhere, accompanied by several of the Maharajah's faithful followers. We actually toiled to the very uppermost roof, whence we obtained a panoramic view of Jeypore; its tinted houses interspersed with trees; the great barren hills on which stand the two impenetrable forts in the foreground, and a distant view of the Amber Pass on the farther ranges.

We walked through the gardens to the Maharajah's billiard-room, built entirely in English fashion, where we surprised two servants enjoying the most exciting game; thence to the garnet-works, which stand still within the palace precincts, on the edge of a stagnant tank, in which huge alligators were flopping leisurely about. I don't think I have described the palace half enough in detail. Somehow it gave me a confused impression

of numberless orange walls—bright peacocks, elephants, and funny little men with big heads and short legs painted on the same; of sloping stone passages, unpleasantly dark; of rather musty rooms full of ancient guns, sabres, and sticks; of patches of gay colouring; of extraordinary daubs of the Maharajah's ancestors, each one exactly like a black-bearded Buddha; and of the dark eyes and red and pink turbans of his numerous retainers, —the whole a bright picture under a tropical sky, and that was all. Reader of this, please forgive me for my lack of poetical inspiration and glowing description. Visit his Highness's palace for yourself, and then form your own impressions!

In the stables were hundreds of horses of all breeds—Arabs, Persians, and many from Marwar —all carefully taught to perform manifold circus tricks. They went through them, dear beasts! with the greatest excitement; their riders, notwithstanding the disadvantage of bare legs and slippers, managing them with great dexterity. The performances were clever, no doubt, but a little tedious. I would rather have seen them jump a five-barred gate than stand on their hind-legs; but they are very well stabled, look sleek and fat, and have a capital sandy arena to gallop about in.

The sun is going down, and the evening is growing very cold. Away we rattled again at Francis's special request to see the tigers. Poor creatures! they are confined in very dirty and narrow cages, and the keepers tease them unmercifully. No wonder they are savage, which they certainly seem to be, glaring and roaring at the inquisitive crowd. A few minutes here sufficed us. We had not time to loiter, so drove on, passing here a miserable-looking fakir, there a row of camels ambling along with two or three riders on their backs; many gaily dressed nautch-girls, who veiled their faces coyly as we passed; and, indeed, a continual stream of people of all sorts and sizes, most of them enveloped in thick puggarees and blankets for protection from the keen air, though quite regardless of their bare feet and legs, which seems a little inconsistent. Our homeward road lay through the small zoological and public flower-garden, where we caught sight of a very cross hyena, a heavy hippopotamus, and two little bright-eyed otters, who were peeping out of their hutches. A museum of fine buildings, scarcely completed, stands in these gardens.

We reached the hotel at dark, and thus ended a very pleasant and busy afternoon, which included

a visit to the School of Art, where they make brass and steel work, copying old armour, also pottery and marble; but we saw little of the Jeypore enamel, which is so expensive.

Feb. 5.—A light breakfast, and an early start before sunrise. The Maharajah's carriage was again at our disposal, and tearing through the city, the horses obviously a handful for the driver, we travelled the five miles to the Amber Pass in no time. Two elephants and a palanquin were waiting for us. I had always been anxious to ride the former, but have no wish to repeat the experience. The beast rolled us along like a ship in a heavy sea for about two miles, till the ruined city of Amber burst into view, lying in the trough of the valley, and overshadowed on the top of the rocky precipices by the palace, a magnificent remnant of former grandeur, while on the topmost peak stood the "Tiger Fort," presenting an inaccessible front to the whole plain, which, as we climbed higher, gradually opened out before us—indeed, a lovely vista—ruined towers, walls and houses mouldering with age, and threatening to overwhelm the flimsy huts, the dwellings of the existing inhabitants. To our right lay a still deep tank, with the bullocks cooling their dusty legs in the muddy

water, and the fat wild-boar taking his morning drink out of reach of a hideous lazy alligator.

The walls of the Maharajah's palace rise sheer out of the barren rock. Within it is still fairly inhabitable, and used by the present Rajah on occasion as a hunting and shooting box. We stood on one of the flat roofs—all the different buildings had flat roofs —with low balustrades round, and looked, firstly, down to the courtyard below, where our elephants, in their scarlet trappings, stood lazily flapping their trunks and tails; then away to the still tank, against the ruined wall of which natives in picturesque attitudes were leaning or sitting; and beyond, the strange ruined town, half hidden among the leafless trees, for it is winter, though the sun blazes overhead, and the sky is brilliantly blue.

I deserted the elephant for the palanquin, to return. Along the dusty road processions of camels and laden donkeys passed us, wending their way. Monkeys and bright peacocks flitted gaily across the path, and the patient-eyed bullocks in the fields plodded through their allotted task. High prickly cactus hedges and bushes line nearly the whole road to the town, and many ruins of tasteful buildings, built as a costly whim of some

former prince, but neglected maybe by his successor, have fast fallen into decay.

The Rajputs are a race who consider themselves every one of kingly blood. They carry themselves well, and some are handsome and haughty-looking; but I confess I am a trifle disappointed after the glowing description I had read of them. I don't think it will be out of place to quote a touching little poem, written, or more likely translated, by Sir Edwin Arnold. I fear it will be rare to find such devotion nowadays:—

A Rajput Nurse.

"Whose tomb have they builded, Vittoo, under this tamarind tree,
With its door of rose-veined marble, and white dome stately to see?
Was he holy Brahmin or Jogi, or chief of the Rajput line,
Whose urn rests here by the river, in the shade of the beautiful shrine?"

"May it please you," quoth Vittoo, salaaming, "Protector of all the poor!
It was not for holy Brahmin they carved that delicate door;
Nor for Jogi nor Rajput Rana built they this gem of our land,
But to tell of a Rajput woman as long as the stones should stand.

"Her name was Moti, *the* pearl name; 'twas far in the ancient times,
But her Moor-like face and her teeth of pearl are sung of still in our rhymes;
And because she was young and comely, and of good repute, and had laid
A babe in the arms of her husband, the palace nurse she was made.

"For the sweet chief Queen of the Rana in Jeypore city had died,
Leaving a motherless infant, the heir to that race of pride;
The heir of the peacock banner, of the five-coloured flag of the throne,
Which traces its record of glory from days when it ruled alone;

"From times when forth from the sunlight the first of kings came down,
And had the earth for his footstool, and wore the stars for his crown,
As all good Rajputs have told us. So Moti was proud and true,
With the prince of the land on her bosom, and her own brown baby too.

"And the Rajput women will have it (I know not myself of these things),
As the two babes lay on her bosom, her lord's and the Jeypore king's,
So loyal was the blood of her body, so fast the faith of her heart,
It passed to the new-born infant, who took of her trust its part.

"He would not suck of the breast-milk till the prince had drunken his fill,
He would not sleep to the cradle-song till the prince was lulled and still;
And he lay at night with his small arms clasped round the prince's child,
As if these hands, like the rose-leaf, could guard him from treason wild:

"For treason was wild in the country, and villanous men had sought
The life of the heir of the Gadi, to the palace in secret brought;
With bribes to the base, and with knife-thrusts for the faithful, they wend their way
Through the line of the guards and the gateways, to the hall where the woman lay.

"There Moti, the foster-mother, sat singing the children to rest,
Her babe at play on her crossed knees, and the king's son held to her breast;
And the dark slave-maidens round her beat low on the cymbal-skin,
Keeping the time of her soft song — when, sahib! there hurried in

"A breathless watcher, who whispered, with horror in eyes and face—
'O Moti! men come to murder my lord the prince in this place!
They have bought the help of the gate-guards, or slaughtered them unawares.
Hark! that is the note of their tulwars, the clatter upon the stairs!'

"For one breath she caught her baby from her lap to her heart, and let
The king's child sink from her bosom, with lips still clinging and wet;
Then tore from the prince his head-cloth, and the putta of pearls from his waist,
And bound the belt on her infant, and the cap on his brows, in haste;

"And laid her own dear offspring, her flesh and blood, on the floor,
With the girdle of pearls around him, and the cap that the king's son wore;
While close to her heart, which was breaking, she folded her Rajah's joy,
And, even as the murderers lifted the purdah, she fled with his boy.

"But there—so they deemed—in his jewels, lay the Chota Rana, the heir.
'The cow with two calves has escaped us,' cried one; 'it is right and fair
She should save her own "butcha." No matter, the edge of the dagger ends
The spark of Lord Rajhoba's sunlight: stab thrice and four times, O friends!'

"And the Rajput women will have it (I know not if this can be so),
The Moti's son in the putta and golden cap cooed low
When the sharp blades met in his small heart, with never one moan or wince,
But died with a babe's light laughter, because he died for his prince.

"Thereby did that Rajput mother preserve the line of our kings."
"O Vittoo!" I said, "but they gave her much gold and beautiful things,
And garments, and land for her people, and a home in the palace maybe;
She had grown to love that princeling even more than the child on her knee."

"May it please the presence," quoth Vittoo, "it seemeth not so; they gave
The gold and the garments and jewels, as much as the proudest would have.
But the same night deep in her bosom she buried a knife, and smiled,
Saying this, 'I have saved my Rana. I must go to suckle my child!'"

Feb. 7, *Traveller's Bungalow, Delhi.*—Late last night, after a twelve hours' journey, we arrived here. As we walked along the crowded station platform, the dim gas-lamps lighted up the faces of the jostling people, fighting, swearing, elbowing each other in the gloom, huge turbans crowning their raven-black locks and beards, swarthy complexions, almond-shaped eyes, and gleaming teeth, presenting a savage if picturesque whole.

I could not help realising vividly that we were standing just a few yards off the place where deeds of base treachery, of horrible massacre, and

daring heroism happened thirty years ago. I am writing now within sight of where a handful of brave and ever-to-be-remembered soldiers faced certain death to fire the train that would blow up the Cashmere Gate and open the way for our troops to retake the city. A few paces farther is the spot where Nicholson fell; and deeds of valour too numerous to relate here were done against fearful odds. Suffice it to say, that as we stood by the great marble cross in the churchyard erected to the memory of those brave soldiers, and their wives and children who were so awfully butchered, I felt proud to think that I was a countrywoman of men such as those; how much prouder England must be that, amidst all the immorality and shortcomings, all the dandyism and effeminacy of the present day, she still has sons to go forth and uphold the honour and glory of her name, and unfurl her flag undaunted in the face of danger and privation, by the help of God and their own indomitable courage!

Now to the prosaic. Everything is peaceful enough nowadays, though the Hindoos hate the Mussulmans, while the latter hate all alike; but there is no doubt that they fear the power of the "Feringee," and think it best policy to be peaceable.

Very early this morning we started for a drive of ten miles to the mosque of "Kut-búl-Islam" and the ruins of old Delhi. Of the mosque there are but a few richly carved walls remaining. Close by, and in the middle of a weedy courtyard, stands the "Kutub-Minar," a great minaret of rich red stone, to reach the top of which one must climb over 390 steps. We contented ourselves with the first floor, and from a little balcony obtained a glorious view of the ruined city and the wide expanse of country round Delhi covered with mosques and tombs, more or less in a state of decay, but the remains of a once great and flourishing empire. The ground was flat, brown, and scorched, and except for a large sprinkling of peepul and acacia trees, thatched huts, and the native wells, with the bullocks passing backwards and forwards to draw up the water from their great depth, but little picturesque. The building of the mosque was begun A.D. 1193, and though now in ruins, is certainly very striking. On the north side is the tomb of Saiyid-Husein, who came to Delhi in the reign of Sikander, and himself built it, with the express wish to be buried there. An iron pillar also stands in the middle of the court, with an inscription in Sanskrit. This pillar has a history attached to it, but as I cannot

read Sanskrit — our guide, who had learnt his lesson off by rote without understanding one word of it, was utterly unintelligible—and I am too lazy to search through Murray, nobody who reads this will be any the wiser.

We visited also the tomb of Safdar-jung, looking very imposing in its blending of white and red, which it ought to, considering it is said to have cost three lakhs of rupees. Safdar-jung's wife is buried in the same mausoleum. The tomb of Nizam-ud-din-Auliya was well worth a visit, the carving of the white marble being simply exquisite. "Azizah-Kokal-Tàsh," who is also buried here, was foster-brother to the great Emperor Akbar. At this place there is a deep tank surrounded by high galleries, supposed to have been blessed by the saintly Nizam-ud-din, and into which men and boys jump down from a height of 50 feet for annas in the most terrifying way.

Before returning we visited yet one more abode of the dead—Humayun's tomb—the great emperor-father of Akbar. It was built in A.D. 1555 by his sorrowing widow. A vast number of steps have to be climbed to get up to the broad sandstone terrace which surrounds it. Within, under the gleaming white dome, are the marble tombs of Humayun

and members of his family. Marble overhead, marble around, and the sun glinting in through the delicate tracery of the snowy windows, shed a silvery light through the solemn place. A few minutes more we lingered, and then out again into the brilliant daylight amongst numbers of dirty little children, who, alas! soon dispelled our grave thoughts in their clamour for annas.

We drove home past the old Fort, and in through the Delhi Gate, to an early tiffin, rather exhausted, but much interested.

At two o'clock—for the sun was not too hot to prevent our going out—we walked to the top of the wall by the Cashmere Gate, full of bullet-holes, and shattered in many places by the heavy guns. From this height we gazed down at the gaping breaches, deep ditch, and the remains of the intrenchments, against which a monument is now placed in memory of those brave men who lost their lives in blowing up the gate. Roses and mignonette now twine around it, and there is little to remind one of the frightful scene of slaughter and carnage on that memorable May day 1857.

The church of St James, built entirely by Colonel Skinner, in fulfilment of a vow he made while lying wounded on the battle-field, in gratitude to God for

having spared his life, is full of tablets erected to men who died in that terrible mutiny; and in the little graveyard stands conspicuous the white marble cross, wreathed in bougainvilleas.

The Fort, just outside the city boundary, was our next destination. Within the great red sandstone ramparts are the barracks and the officers' quarters, besides the Turkish Baths, the Pearl Mosque, and the Diwan-i-khas, or private hall of audience; these latter have all been built in pure marble, and inlaid with precious stones in flowery designs. Alas! they have been sadly plundered, and unsightly cracks left behind. Part of the Diwan is being restored, and the ceiling entirely renovated in gilded patterns—perhaps less attractive when freshly done than when the hand of time will have passed over it. It was here the famous "Peacock Throne," made of gems resembling a peacock's tail, which cost six millions of rupees, used to stand, but it was carried away to Persia by Nadir Shah. The baths are ideals of luxury, all of richly veined marble, in suites of rooms arranged according to warm or cold, with carved windows and arabesques, and decorated with festoons of cornelian and jade, here and there still in perfect condition. The Pearl Mosque is

also a gem of beauty. The Fort commands a view of the flat marshy land and the broad Jumna river, which in the rainy season flows right under its walls.

We strolled back through the bazaar and the Queen's Gardens, peeping through the bars of its dirty cage at a miserable hungry tiger, and interviewing a long-legged sarus and two skinny pelicans, the only inhabitants, as far as we could see, of the Delhi Zoo.

The Jumma Mosque, with its sandstone domes and huge minarets, standing in a broad paved court at the top of many steps, is worth a visit; but the work within is rough, if not coarse, and not to be compared with much that we had seen. It will quite pale into insignificance, I am told, when the Taj at Agra, for which place we hope to leave to-morrow, will appear before us.

Feb. 9, *Laurie's Hotel, Agra.*—Yesterday morning carried us back again to thoughts and scenes of the mutiny at Delhi, for before leaving we drove through the Nicholson Gardens, bright in the early sunshine, to the tomb of that hero. A plain marble slab is erected to his memory, in a crowded but peaceful cemetery, with the tall trees spreading their branches for shade. Thence we drove to

the "Ridge," the rear of the English position which extended around and beyond Ludlow Castle, the former Residency, flanked on the left by the Jumna river, on the right by Hindu Rao's house, at that time occupied by our troops.

From the top of the Flagstaff Tower we obtained a view of the flat but thickly wooded country, the Jumma Mosque rising in the far distance, and the blue smoke from the town curling upwards in slow wreaths. It was perfectly still and peaceful, except for the faint sound of voices, and the song of a bird resembling a lark, far overhead. The air was crisp and cold, the sky a cloudless blue; it reminded one strangely of an English autumn day. I could almost fancy by a stretch of imagination that I should hear the music of the hounds and the huntsman's horn, and that presently the red coats, white breeches, and prancing hunters would peep through the trees; but no such thing—only a cloud of dust, and two bullocks plodding wearily along, followed by a group of jabbering natives, truly Indian.

We reached Agra late last night, and found it bitterly cold. Even in the middle of the day, with a fierce sun, it is scarcely warm; in the evening we cower over a fire; they say it has not been so cold in India for forty years.

The Taj far surpasses our grandest ideas. It is simply superb. As one enters the great red sandstone gateway, relieved with white traceries and rich carving, it bursts in snowy splendour on one's gaze, —dome, walls, minarets, of the purest milk-white marble, outlined against the azure sky—in the full sunshine quite dazzling. To attempt to describe its graceful proportions, wonderful carving, the inlaid garlands of jade and cornelian, in festoons over archway and windows, would be impossible; there surely can be nothing fairer on this earth than this touching tribute of undying love, built by Shah Jehan in memory of his adored queen, which was begun soon after her death in 1629, and took nineteen years in building. Both she and her husband are buried beneath the great dome, full of strange musical echoes, their tombs decorated with fairest flowers of precious stones, and a carved alabaster screen around, too beautiful to be surpassed.

We climbed to the top of one of the minarets: right above the mausoleum terrace-steps of purest white, which were relieved on either side by dark-red mosques, built on purpose to rest the eye and to enhance the magnificence of the Taj; all around a picturesquely laid-out garden, with contrasting greens, and red and yellow creepers, clustering in a narrow

avenue from the gateway to the perfect pearl beyond, by which flowed the waters of the Jumna, on to the sandstone Fort and distant town—a sight which once seen can never be forgotten. These lame and cold words cannot in any degree express the purity, the beauty, the solemnity of the building, commemorating the immortal power of Love when life and death have passed away like dreams.

The Resident, Colonel Euan Smith, is away in camp; but Dr Tyler, C.I.E., has kindly looked us up, and we have been driving about with him all the afternoon. The Fort stands in a commanding position on the bank of the river, turrets and high battlements crown its walls, and within are the most lovely of the Mogul buildings for which Agra is famous. The Pearl Mosque, with a splendid courtyard of white marble, and arched pillars of the same, is larger if not finer than the one at Delhi. The *privatum* of the ladies of Shah Jehan's Court is exquisite. Here they had fountains to play at will, chess-boards marked on the flagstones, and a terrace from which to gaze on the distant country, but carefully guarded from the curious by purdahs closely drawn. The Diwan-i-khas, or audience-chamber, is full of beautiful work; but the painting on the ceiling is completely

destroyed, and was found too expensive to restore. Side by side with all these lovely Moslem triumphs of art, stand the remains of a Hindoo palace, no doubt perfect from an architectural point of view; but the sandstone of which it is built is rapidly falling into decay, and can stand no comparison with the ever-enduring marble.

After a stiff half-hour spent at a tennis-party given by Mr Finlay the collector, we drove over the pontoon bridge across the Jumna to the tomb of Ihtmad-ud-daulah, certainly worth a visit. The interior of the mausoleum is not in a good state of preservation.

The sun was just setting, sending orange and violet lights through the mist rising from the river. The Taj stood out like a great pearl in the twilight; the Fort, dark and imposing, rose on the other side, and farther away the great Mosque. It was a splendid sight, seen in such circumstances. No wonder Agra is considered the beauty of the north.

The English mail has just arrived, hurrah!—but letters contained the sad news of Lord Bagot's and poor Mrs Pigott's sudden deaths.

Feb. 10, *Agra.*—We paid another visit to the Taj late last night; unspeakably lovely in the

bright sunlight, its effect under the silvery moon was divine. We stood with bated breath at the foot of the steps, gazing up at the pearly dome under the starry deep azure sky, and the tall cypresses and acacias looking black in the soft light. Silence all around—it seemed like a glimpse into heaven, and one almost expected, indeed longed, to hear the harps of the angels round the pure white throne. I am afraid people will think I am writing nonsense, high-flown fal-lal; but I can only say that I thanked God that any object so divinely beautiful should be found on this sinful earth.

We have been rather lazy to-day. We ought to have gone to Futehpore-Sikri, a deserted city, well worth a visit; but the prospect of a drive twenty-two miles there and twenty-two back dissuaded us.

St John's College here, carried on by the Church Missionary Society, is a most interesting institution. Dr Pargiter, the head of it, is a hard-working, earnest man. There are about five hundred boys in the college, the larger number Hindoos, about one hundred Mohammedans, and about fifty Christians. They are instructed in all useful knowledge, and three tall intelligent-looking lads were going up directly for the

Calcutta University Examination. They all looked bright and happy. Each morning they have Scripture readings and prayers, and any boys who like may attend. The power of Christ's religion is slowly but surely making itself felt. When a Hindoo becomes a Christian, so closely is he restricted by his caste, that he must renounce his father, mother, home, friends, indeed everything, and become an outcast. One boy who turned Christian has been dependent on Dr Pargiter ever since. It is indeed a case of leaving all to follow Him. We saw the boys play a game of cricket, which they enjoyed immensely; and walked through the native hospital before driving to Colonel Euan Smith's, who had returned from camp for one day.

After luncheon we went to Secundra, where great Akbar's tomb is. On the roof is a marble recess, where, one is told, the Koh-i-noor used to be—before it was carried off by Nadir Shah; but I believe this to be mere invention. We were much amused by our Moslem guide the other day in the Fort, who told us *his version* of a legend connected with Akbar's throne—a broad piece of marble supported on stone rests. "When the Hindoo sat there," he said, gravely, "it spouted blood. Look,

sahib," and he pointed to the three imperfections in the slab. "And what is the reason of that great crack?" we asked. "Ah! that was when Lord Ellenborough sat there." It was the man's own interpretation of the memory of the Mohammedan hatred of Lord Ellenborough on account of his restoration of the Gates of Somnath, and plainly showed his opinion of the Hindoo and the "dog" of a Christian.

The Orphanage for boys and girls is charmingly situated among shady trees in the open country, and managed by an old German gentleman and some German ladies. We saw the boys at dinner, the girls at work, all looking clean and contented. They make very pretty lace, of which we bought a few yards. Near at hand is the tomb of Akbar's wife, Mary, a Portuguese Christian.

Feb. 11, *Agra.*—Our dinner with Colonel Euan Smith last night was pleasant — the guests besides ourselves being a Mr Wilson of the Manchester Regiment and his wife. Colonel Smith has a charming house, much more comfortable than the ordinary Indian bungalows.

We went over the jail this morning accompanied by Dr Tyler. I suppose it resembles many of the same class. To the visitor, the prisoners appear in

a prosperous condition, and one sees and hears nothing of the no doubt brutal treatment practised by the overseers and warders. Owing to the Queen's Jubilee, twenty-five have been offered a free pardon, and there was a tremor of excitement through all the building, for each man, poor fellow! hopes it may be his turn.

The most beautiful carpets are made in this jail from designs, new and old—they are famed as the finest in India. Dr Tyler brought a number of these clever convicts home to England last year during the Exhibition.

The Medical School, close to St John's College, is most interesting. It is established under Lady Dufferin's fund for the training of native women as nurses, for they are terribly needed among the female population, as of course no male doctors are allowed to see the purdah women. Miss Fairweather, the superintendent, showed and explained to me everything. The girls are trained to be efficient nurses, and some who show particular aptitude go up and take their full degree. I was present at one of the lectures, conducted by an Indian doctor. A closely drawn purdah carefully screened the boys from the girls; but with open books they were all listening intently to their

teacher. I saw the dispensary, the museum, the library, all in connection with the college, and the foundations of the new building, which is to be devoted entirely to women, close to the boarding-house, where fifty girl-students of all classes lodge. There are numerous applications which have to be refused for want of room. It is an extremely good and much-needed work, for at present the poor women when sick are in a wretched condition; but of course, like everything else, it is in sad need of money, though it is to be hoped, now Lady Dufferin has taken up the question so strongly, funds will really increase.

We read the English papers at the club, and then paid a farewell visit to the beautiful Taj. We have seen it in sunlight, at sunsetting, and in the moonlight, and each time discover some fresh charm.

Not the least pleasing part are the gardens, full of fine trees, bright-coloured creepers, and fruit and rose bushes in abundance, the latter in full flower. The sale of these realises a certain amount of money, which goes towards keeping the splendid erection in repair.

Feb. 13, *Lee Hotel, Cawnpore.*—After a tedious

journey we arrived here last night. Railway travelling in India is tiresome, for we are continually passing through a sandy flat country with nothing of interest to look on. The little stations themselves are very deserted, except for a few lazy porters, and a "bheestie" (water-carrier), who, with an incessant cry, "Pa-nee, pa-nee," wanders about, his leather water-bottle under his arm. This hotel is *just* clean—that is all; but as we go on to-night to Lucknow, it does not much matter. The proprietor, Mr Lee, the very type of a portly old soldier, served in the Mutiny, and delights in doing the guide and telling thrilling tales of hairbreadth escapes during that awful time. They lose nothing in the telling, for he is a most loquacious and long-winded old gentleman.

Cawnpore's only claim to notoriety is its connection with '57, and Nana Sahib's treacherous massacre of women and children before Havelock arrived to relieve Lucknow. One shudders at the blood-curdling horrors of that terrible event. We have just returned from visiting the Memorial Church up near the cantonment. It is a pretty little building full of marble slabs and monuments *in memoriam* of officers and soldiers who perished in action. What we saw of Cawnpore in the drive

was not prepossessing — dust, dust, dust everywhere, and a high wind blowing.

Feb. 14, *Royal Hotel, Lucknow.*—After tiffin yesterday, Mr Lee hurried us off to see the sights of Cawnpore. He entertained us with marvellous stories, somewhat rambling in the plot. Poor old gentleman! he must have repeated them so often that he quite loses the thread of the narrative, and at the most interesting part would break off with "and so forth," leaving one quite in the dark!

We saw the place near the cantonments where Wheeler's intrenchments had been, and where, alas! all the women and children were placed, open to every cruelty and privation. Near at hand was a well, now covered by a monument, where brave fellows risked their lives in trying to get water for the sufferers, under an incessant fire from the enemy. We stood on the ghat by the Ganges where the people were induced to enter the boats, believing in the Nana's treacherous promise of safety, and then were mercilessly shot from the bank.

From there we visited the well where the bodies of men, women, and children were thrown down, some still living, after the inhuman carnage in the house close by. A great marble angel, with

arms and pinions folded, leaning against the cross, stands above it. It is a fine statue, and brings the tears to one's eyes, and a tightness to one's throat, when one thinks what lies below since that bloody 15th of July 1857. A little cemetery, full of tombs and crosses, in a lovely garden, sweet with the scent of roses, is laid out around, and lights and shades play under the tall cypress-trees. What a miserable business it all was! and the more heart-rending because it might all have been avoided; but Sir Hugh Wheeler, an old fellow of seventy years of age, was powerless to command, and, poor man! paid the price with his life. Every one else was caught napping in fancied safety, and so these terrible consequences ensued.

We find this hotel one of the best in India. The Manchesters have just left, and a number of people who have been here for the races; but we came across Mr Ralli, whose acquaintance we had made in Bombay. Major Mainwaring, in a regiment here, has kindly been to call on us. We were already acquainted with his brother, the clergyman at Whitmore.

All the places round Lucknow are interesting. We passed many ruined gateways and buildings along the road, where, firstly, Havelock, who ulti-

mately lost his life, and then Sir Colin Campbell, with the real Relief, marched to raise the siege. At the Sikandra Bagh a body of 1000 Sipáhis were completely cut to pieces, and many of the blacks thrown down on the British bayonets — a just revenge!

La Martinière is a college built by General Claud Martin, chiefly for soldiers' sons. It resembles rather an imposing French chateau than anything else, but the statues and walls were dreadfully defaced by the mutineers. There are now over 120 boys in the college, who all looked very bright and happy, as we saw them playing cricket, tennis, and football. From the topmost tower a glorious view is obtained of the wooded park-like country, with the town in the far distance, and a glimpse of the Residency, which is of course the most interesting spot in Lucknow, for here the English so gallantly defended themselves during the whole siege.

Major Benson of the 17th Lancers, quartered here, and who has been very kind in showing us everywhere, took us at dusk to the public promenade, where we strolled about to hear the band play. I believe every evening the fashionables assemble here or at the club, and see the same

people and talk over the same things. Dear, how sick they must get of each other! Last night they were hurrying off to a fancy ball. Francis has gone on to Benares, as this place bored him.

Feb. 17, *Clarke's Hotel, Benares.*—I rather neglected my diary for two days, for I have had a stupid cold, called fever out here, and could not concentrate my ideas.

We spent Tuesday morning, before leaving Lucknow, with Major and Mrs Mainwaring. They took us in their dog-cart to Imambarah, built by Wajid Ali Shah as a burial-place for himself. It stands in a large quadrangle, which was all decorated for the Jubilee illuminations, and although not ancient, is certainly a fine place. We then went and sat in the sunny Residency garden, under the shadow of those ever-to-be-remembered ruins—clusters of bougainvilleas hiding the cruel bullet-marks and trailing over the once blood-stained turf.

Lord Clandeboye dined with us in the evening. He is now a lieutenant in the 17th Lancers.

The night journey from Lucknow to Benares was horrible; the dust flew into the carriage and coated everything inches thick. Dust is certainly a great drawback in India, and much as we liked

Lucknow, with its gardens, especially Wingfield Park, full of red and orange blossoms, we were nearly stifled with the clouds of dust blown about by the hot high wind.

Clarke's Hotel is very clean, situated two miles from this city, which is certainly quite the reverse.

Mr Carruthers, the chaplain here, is an old Inverness man, and very kindly has looked us up, taking us yesterday afternoon to the Church Missionary Society's schools and orphanages, both for boys and girls. When one sees this number of Christian children, with their English teachers, besides the native catechists, it makes one very angry to think of those people who, ignorant of everything outside their own selfish lives, insist that missionary work is making no progress, and actually assert that it is dying out in India. It is sad, in this great country, how few really take an interest in this most interesting of subjects, and yet very cheering to see the little band who are working so bravely, and who, thanks to God's help and their care, have hundreds of happy young Christians growing up around them. Where we visited yesterday there was also a native village containing quite a little colony of converts; and Mr and Mrs Bell at the boys', and Mr and Mrs

Wright at the girls' school, are so proud of and interested in it all.

To-day being the celebration of the Queen's Jubilee, the town is all illuminated with thousands of tiny lamps, which shine like myriads of stars all round the buildings, and make a charming effect. The natives delight in all illuminations and fireworks, and the latter last night were certainly very pretty, sent off amid the shouts of the populace. We went to the Town Hall to see them, and there also was held a sort of "nautch," an entertainment given by the Hindoo gentlemen of Benares. It was certainly a curious performance. A band of girls swayed about with their bodies and arms, jangling their bracelets and crooning in a most extraordinary way. Men playing on little fiddles and tom-toms accompanied them. These women were most gorgeously arrayed in gold brocades, and net with frills round their feet, and dragging on the ground. They wore heavy nose and ear rings, and any amount of jewellery. The natives seemed to enjoy the entertainment mightily.

Before sunrise this morning we accompanied Mr Carruthers, after a hasty *chota hazri*,[1] to Mr Wal-

[1] *Chota hazri*—breakfast.

den's house. He is the engineer at the head of the works at the great railway bridge now building over the Ganges. This is an immense undertaking, as it has to be a huge size on account of the rains, and the piles are driven over one hundred feet below the surface of the water. They hope to complete it in October, having taken five years to erect; though, of course, during the wet season all work has to be suspended, the river being known to rise thirty-three feet in one night.

Leaving the bridge, we rowed down below the city, passing the ghats—stone steps leading down to the water from the top of the hill—swarming with human life engaged in their devotions and ablutions, the latter curious but certainly disgusting. The water of the Ganges is considered so holy that not only do the Hindoos wash in it, pray by it, and drink it, but if possible throw their dead bodies in (this, of course, is forbidden, but nevertheless they do it), to ensure their departed relatives greater blessings in heaven! Here and there we saw the burning piles on the bank, where human remains were being consumed, surrounded by a crowd of lightly clad men, women, and children. I never had seen such a marvellous spectacle. On great occasions men and women of

all castes and from all parts of India come to the Ganges, and even purdah ladies think nothing of throwing aside their veils for the nonce and dipping three times in the sacred stream.

Houses and temples are built in close medley upon the bank, the chief feature being the tall minarets of the Golden Mosque. At one temple a kind of worship was going on. Tom-toms and musical instruments were playing in snatches of melody and discordant intervals, mingled with the continual jabbering of the people, who crowded on the steps scattering flowers in all directions, above the decaying blossoms heaped by the river-brink, the remains of idol offerings. We landed at some sacred ghats which the natives consider more holy than heaven!

Francis, Mr Carruthers, and I have just returned from an amusing expedition through the back lanes of the city in search of kincobs and embroideries. Every one told us of some different place, and they are such rogues that even the syces will not direct one aright, for each man hopes that his particular dealer will be patronised, who, no doubt, has heavily bribed him. We were obliged to give up our shopping in despair, but we got a good idea of the city, which is very dirty, the streets ex-

ceedingly narrow, the houses all built higgledy-piggledy.

Many devotees, with painted faces and covered with rosaries, loiter about the bazaar. They are wild-looking men with shaggy hair.

Of course we were taken to see the Golden Temple; but what a name for such a horrible smelly place! — nothing but the tawdry gilded dome can justify it. Within this temple is a well of sacred water, which is drawn up daily by an antediluvian-looking Hindoo, who was very clamorous for annas. The Cow Temple is even more curious and dirty, the cows tied up all around, and the calves wandering in and out. Needless to say, the odour is far from fragrant—a rather fine carved dome being the only striking feature of a place which reminds one more than anything else of a filthy stable. Passing through a narrow alley crowded with natives, and with little shops on either side, we threaded our way by temples, dedicated to Siva and other deities, too revolting to enter. I had rather a strange feeling walking through this dark, weird passage, the crowd treading on our heels, and only a thick-headed native policeman to protect us from their

importunities. I think I held myself a little straighter and looked a little bolder than I really felt. There was not the slightest cause to be nervous, for notwithstanding all the foolish stories about fanatics, &c., the Hindoos are really most peaceful. Of course they do run "amuck," like every one else, from the effects of bang or arrack; but even then they would be far more likely to stab one of their own blood than a "mem sahib."

Table d'hôte this evening was surrounded by a number of French "monsieurs," besides a young American couple who seem to haunt us on our journey. It is too funny how people keep turning up again at every hotel! We leave to-morrow morning for Calcutta, where for a time at least we rest from our wanderings.

Feb. 20, *Government House, Barrackpore.*—Between five and six yesterday morning we reached Calcutta, and, very sleepy and dirty, drove over at once to Government House. It is a huge building in the middle of the city, painted a sort of yellow, with green jalousies, and stands in a fine expanse of gardens and grounds. The whole place, however, is more remarkable for its size than its beauty.

We were welcomed by the Viceroy and Lady Dufferin, by their son Terence Blackwood, the Aberdeens, Lord Buckinghamshire, Captain Sinclair, Lord Shaftesbury, and Mr Toynbee—all these latter tourists like ourselves. We have such nice airy rooms, which is a great luxury.

After tiffin, Lord William Beresford drove us on his coach to see the sports—pole-jumping, steeplechases with a huge water-jump, tug-of-war, &c.; and Lady Dufferin afterwards gave away the prizes. We passed through part of the town, which is not nearly so pretty as Bombay, being very flat and European-looking, with a great many gentlemen in tall hats, and smart ladies. The prettiest part of Calcutta is, I believe, near the river, which we have not yet seen, only the tips of the ships' masts through the trees.

We came out to Barrackpore late last night, just to spend a quiet Sunday. It is situated in the country on the banks of the Hooghly, in the midst of a lovely garden. Pink bougainvilleas cluster in at the window, and the scent of the roses perfume the heated air deliciously. The Dufferins come here every Sunday for a rest. Their staff consists, at present, of Major Hamilton

and his wife, Lord William Beresford, Lord Herbrand Russell, Captain Gordon, Major Cooper, Sir Donald Wallace, and several others, who form quite a little court.

Feb. 21, *Government House, Calcutta.*—Such a morning in the hot sun! We accompanied Lord and Lady Dufferin to the function of opening a bridge over the Hooghly, which, with all due respect to Sir Bradford Leslie, the engineer, is not so pleasing to look at as the one at Benares. There were a good many speeches, and a nice band; and then we all sat down to a cold banquet, which they modestly called breakfast! I was placed between Colonel Leward, R.E., and the Chief-Justice Sir Comer Petheram. I noticed amongst all the ladies I was the only one who had put my vanity in my pocket, and appeared in a solah topee! I was very thankful, as the sun beat down fiercely on our heads. Sir Charles and Lady Aitchison are staying at Government House.

We spent a charming day at Barrackpore yesterday. In the cool of the evening we walked to the enclosure close by, and saw all the elephants belonging to the Commissariat Department. These animals are brought down quite wild from Dacca,

and tamed here, and generally turn out quiet sensible beasts.

Lady Canning's tomb is in a lovely spot in the garden overlooking the Hooghly. I believe she chose the site herself. There are some fine trees in the grounds, noticeably a banyan, as shady as a house, and a good specimen of a cotton-tree, which is extremely pretty, quite leafless, but with a grey bark, and bright scarlet flowers contrasting with it. Barrackpore, however, is chiefly famous for its early connection with the Mutiny, it being the first place where the insurrection burst out among the sepoys in barracks.

Feb. 22, Calcutta.—The presenting of new colours to the Canadian Royal Leinster Regiment was performed by Lady Dufferin yesterday. There was a short service, and then the bishop blessed the flags; and the parade of the troops, the band playing, took place. The sun was intensely hot, and two poor soldiers fainted.

In the cool of the evening we took a drive by the river, where the ships are lying, and passed the Eden, and then the Horticultural and Zoological Gardens. The Viceroy's carriage is drawn by four horses, with postilions, which looks very smart, and a body-guard of sowars ride in front.

One of these sowars came a "cropper" yesterday, horse and all, which was rather exciting.

I enjoyed the ball given by the regiment very much. The room was decorated with flags and plants, and not a bit crowded. Sir Frederick Roberts was there with several of his staff. I went in to supper with General Sir Thomas Baker. Such a nice man! The winning little Maharani of Cooch-Behar walked about, shining with diamonds. Her husband has very English ideas, and does not like keeping her shut up. I believe he is very anxious to have her wear low dresses, which would be most unbecoming. This foolish young man carries his European craze to such an extent that he actually won't let his children learn Hindustani!

I am sorry that before leaving India we shall not see Peshawar, and the Khyber Pass, and Darjeeling: of course one can't see everything, and the cold dissuaded us. We have this morning heard the sad news of the Duke of Leinster's death.

Feb. 24, *Calcutta.*—We have deferred leaving for Burmah for a week, so as to have a longer time here. It has become intensely hot, and we only get out in the evening.

On Tuesday, S. and I went to visit Miss Neele at the Church Missionary Society's Schools. She is a

sister of Mr Neele, superintendent of the North-Western Railway. There is a great work going on here in the zenanas and schools.

I have been hearing a good deal of a sect of people in Calcutta, followers of a man—Keshub Chunder Sen—whose doctrine resembles Christianity, but differs in that he looks upon Christ our Saviour merely as a great earthly man, and introduces clauses from the Mohammedan and Hindoo religions. To my mind, though it raises the moral standard of the man, as a saving power it is scarcely better than heathenism; for it is a kind of compromise—the worst of all things—and seriously detrimental to the true work of conversion.

Calcutta as a place does not grow on one, but it is very nice being here with the Dufferins, who are extremely kind. The Eden Gardens are pleasant; a Burmese pagoda standing on the bank of a miniature lake in the midst of shady trees. At night the electric light illumines it, and the band plays.

Yesterday the Maharani of Cooch-Behar, with her three sisters, and her little boy, who was dressed in a blue-and-white sailor-suit, came to tea. She speaks English so quaintly and musically.

I have not yet mentioned the interior of Gov-

ernment House, which is very rambling, with fine ball-rooms and drawing-rooms. Numberless servants lie all over the place. At present no visitors are here but ourselves. Francis, who is tired of travelling, returns to Bombay to-night.

There has been a great fuss over the Queen's Jubilee, and Lent has only just put a stop to festivities. A great many people have been knighted, and given other honours; and I believe the illuminations and fireworks on the 16th cost £20,000, but this may be an exaggeration.

Feb. 25, *Calcutta.*—The days slip quietly by—blue, sunny, and intensely hot. Yesterday evening we rode on the race-course and on the Strand, where all the smart people come out directly the sun goes down. It is a great bore being so afraid of the sun.

In the evening Mr Fitzpatrick, Commissioner of the Central Provinces, Sir Charles Turner, and a Mr Maxse, son of Admiral Maxse, dined with us. Calcutta is at present very full, as the Commission which was sitting in Bombay is now at work here.

We are all very anxious at hearing news of a terrible earthquake in the Riviera, and hope the reports may be exaggerated, as the telegrams are very vague. Any amount of people we know will be at Cannes just now.

Feb. 26, *Calcutta.*—We went yesterday to the Gymkana, or native sports, indulged in by the Viceroy's body-guard. These men are a fine race of Sikhs; and the tent-pegging, which I had never before seen, and the pony and trotting races, were very exciting. The Calcutta *beau-monde* turned out in full force. Lord William Beresford drove us down on his coach. In the evening Vicomte Leon de Janzi, and Mr Gordon Bennett, proprietor of the 'New York Herald,' came from their yacht to dinner. There are races to-day, but I am going with Lady Aitchison to a prize-giving at some Hindoo schools connected with the Church Missionary Society, and later we go down to Barrackpore for Sunday.

Feb. 27, *Barrackpore.*—At the prize-giving yesterday all the children of the various schools under the Church Missionary Society were assembled together, ranging in ages from about five to twelve. Such funny little trots, in every sort of brilliant colour, their hair decked with flowers and tinsel, their arms and ankles with jewellery. Among these only seven or eight are baptised Christians; but little as this sounds out of a company of 520, there is no doubt that the work is doing

untold good. The result must be left with Him who judges all things. It is a continual life, in the face of many difficulties, of interest and self-denial, and very trying in hot weather to the teachers, who are almost all European, with native girls under them. One can only pray, "God bless them." Miss Highton has promised to take me to a zenana on Tuesday morning. Some quite little children had round red marks on their foreheads, a sign that they were already married. The proceedings began with the Lord's Prayer in Bengali; then followed numberless hymns and recitations, crooned to their quaint native tune, in the same language. Bishop Johnson of Calcutta gave a short address on the work, and then the prize-giving began. We were obliged to leave in the middle, after a most interesting time.

I noticed that most of the prizes were dolls, dressed and sent out by ladies in England, but the poor little ones are not allowed to play with them, as they are kept in a glass case; and when a husband comes to choose a bride, they are brought out in triumph as a mark of their good conduct at school. Among others present were Lady Rivers

Thompson, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor, and her four daughters.

March 1, *Calcutta.*—We had a delightful Sunday at Barrackpore, sitting under the great banyan-tree. It is very amusing to feed the kites out there. They are really horrid birds—scavengers—but exceedingly tame. They swoop down in flocks and catch meat thrown into the air in the most dexterous way, and even peck off your plate. They are nearly as large as small vultures.

We returned in the launch down the river; tropical vegetation and dwelling-houses border either bank as it winds towards the city, covered with native boats and huge unwieldy barges full of grain and hay, paddled through the dangerous currents by dark-skinned coolies. Close to the landing-stage, we steamed through all the shipping where the Peninsular and Oriental, British India and Apcar boats lie, surrounded by a network of crafts of every shape and nation.

The heat is very great: it is difficult to sleep at night even with all the windows open.

The Calcutta Zoo boasts of some good specimens—a hideous orang-outang, as intelligent as a child; tigers and lions, gnawing huge bones; a lively

little otter, catching fish; a long-necked giraffe, and two hideous alligators. I must say there is a great attraction in watching all these different animals, and they look well cared for and clean. When it was dusk we walked in the Eden Gardens, where the band was playing by lime-light.

Terence and Freddie Blackwood left to-night for England. That is the worst of India—people must continually be parted from their children.

The dinner-party consisted, besides ourselves and the staff, of Mr Ronald Leveson-Gower, who is travelling with his friend Mr Dugdale; Mr Cunningham, Foreign Secretary; Mr Dawkes, Under-Secretary in India to the Home Department, and his wife; Colonel Pemberton, Director-General of Railways; Mr White and Mr Dyce Nicol; also the Financial Commissioner in the Punjab, Sir William Davies.

March 2.—Yesterday morning we visited more of the C.M.S. Schools, containing a large number of Christian girls. Some we found busy at physical geography, some at algebra, and three of them were going in for the University Examination. They sang to us in fresh tuneful voices. From

thence we went to the Normal School, where a number of tiny children were assembled with their teachers,—native girls who are trained here and go out into higher-class schools and various work and missions. The little ones were delighted to sing us a Bengali hymn. In the class-room, a number of Europeans and Eurasians were busy studying Urdu and Bengali.

The two zenanas, shown to me by Miss Highton, interested me much. The first dwelling was a poor one where three widows lived together, one a Christian. A long time after her baptism, her Hindoo mother would have nothing whatever to say to her; but now she is gradually coming round, as many are, to be grateful and even interested in the visits of the European ladies amongst them, and they no longer think it contamination to shake hands or to sit on the same sofa! The second house was approached by a broad fine staircase, quite carpetless and horribly dirty. The discomfort these people live in, however rich they are, is extraordinary. The chairs, chandeliers, and pictures are all swathed in holland, and everything of any value hidden carefully away. In this house, which belonged to a wealthy Baboo, we saw the mother and the son's wife, and the grandsons' wives; the latter, pretty

graceful girls, but very shy. They were dreadfully unhappy that they were not prepared for our coming, and therefore not decked in jewellery; however, they brought it all out on a tray for my inspection. I was obliged to drink some tepid soda-water to please them, while Miss Highton interpreted all their curious and numerous questions about me. The thing that puzzled them most was, why I had come all the way to India for such a short time.

We were obliged to take our leave and return to Government House, much to the disappointment of another poor lady, who was decked in her best, and whose mother-in-law had been waiting for hours to receive us! It is *such* a pleasure for them to see strangers. How I hope that, as years go on, the Hindoos will come to see that no great nation can exist, unless they treat their women as of higher intellect, and let them take part in the work of life. There is no doubt that the zenana missionaries are exerting themselves towards this good end.

All the Burmese things that were taken from King Theebaw's palace, and are to be sold by auction in a few days, are now on view. There are some great curiosities, and a large amount of

French carpets and Parisian knick-knacks. What I most admired was a quantity of Japanese embroidery on red satin, and some silver mats.

We had rather an amusing dinner-party in the evening, I sat next to a Colonel Hudson, who is an indigo-planter near Behar. After speaking of our journey and recounting some of our experiences, he quietly informed me that I had seen nothing whatever of India, for I had not lived in a tent five feet by four, without a looking-glass, for months! I certainly have not; but I don't think that is essential to a comprehension of the interests and beauty of this great empire! However, he also told me that Anglo-Indians are very peculiar, which I suppose must be the case! A Hindoo and Mussulman also dined, sitting side by side in perfect friendship!

We leave early to-morrow morning in the B.I. ship "Arcot" for Burmah.

March 4, *B.I. s.s. "Arcot," Bay of Bengal.*—At daybreak yesterday we left Calcutta, very sorry to terminate our pleasant stay with the Dufferins.

Calcutta itself is the least attractive town we have seen in India. It has a Continental appearance, as most of the houses are painted pink or yellow, with flat roofs and green jalousies. Some

very fine buildings, such as the Post and Telegraph Office, and the cathedral, certainly exist, but otherwise there is little of interest.

The Bengalis are men of middle height, with their hair cropped in foreign fashion, and wearing no puggarees. This omission is considered a great degradation by the Sikhs and Rajputs of the north. The men dress in white cotton coats and a sort of petticoat, the women in the usual bright saris. As for the Europeans, they apparently sleep and eat all day, and then as soon as night falls, come out in shoals, riding and driving along the brightly lighted Maidan, listening to the band in the Eden Gardens, or carrying on flirtations under cover of the darkness.



Man Singh, a Punjabi Sikh, s.s. "Arcot." March 4, 1887.

Life as a Viceroy or Governor in India, or even as any high official, is the height of luxury. The

rooms are high and airy, though at Government House punkahs were never used, the Dufferins being quite impervious to heat. Every visitor who does not live in the tents has his sitting-room, besides cool bed and bath rooms, and a chuprassie, squatting outside the door, to attend to every command; for people never do anything for themselves out here, and, I noticed, rarely think of saying "Please," surrounded as they are by khit-magars (waiters), chuprassies (footmen), and jemi-dars (guards) wherever they move. No wonder that withered Anglo-Indians return to their native land possessed of diseased livers and cayenne-pepper tempers!

India is certainly a delightful country: our only regret was, that we could not see more of it, especially of the north, where quite a different race of people live. The Punjabis, Rajputs, and Sikhs are such fine wild-looking men compared with the podgy Hindoos of the south.

The position of Viceroy must be a tremendously responsible one, for literally he is an autocrat, and the good and evil of millions of people are entirely in his hands. The present Viceroy also stands at a disadvantage, the country from a financial point of view being at its poorest, the rupee having fallen

from 2s. to barely 1s. 6d. in value; and for every penny it loses, three millions disappear from the Exchequer. In consequence of this, Lord Dufferin, since his term of office, has been forced to impose an income-tax, which is naturally disagreeable to the people, but which I am told they have accepted with little murmuring. Besides these financial difficulties, there are many other stumbling-blocks. For years past, natives have been receiving as good an education as any Englishman; and consequently they are clamouring for more authority in the management of affairs. These requests are certainly quite reasonable, but untold obstacles stand in the way of granting them; and Lord Dufferin appointed the Commission which I have before mentioned to inquire into the various claims all over India. Besides all this, there is always a threatening of Russian invasion; and in a smaller degree the interference of China and France. There is no doubt that at present the country is governed wisely, and the people are at their happiest,—the recent rejoicings everywhere in connection with the Queen's Jubilee testifying to their loyalty. Were they left to themselves, and were England not so strenuous in her efforts to keep all classes together by a firm and just rule,

Mohammedans would clash with Hindoos; the native princes would arise and strive to extend their dominions; the foreign Powers would be the first to discover and take advantage of our weaknesses—and in a very short time the greatest empire in the world would fall into decay. If one man can grapple with the difficulties, Lord Dufferin is certainly the one; and there is no doubt that he is personally exceedingly popular.



A Boy, Surat Mussulman, s.s. "Arcot." March 5, 1887.

We parted with our bearer Alec yesterday—poor old man he seemed sorry to leave.

At present we are knocking about in a heavy swell in a dirty little cockle-shell of about 1100 tons. It is extremely hot, and we are crowded

first-class, with 300 native deck-passengers besides. My cabin is full of ants; thank goodness, I have not seen anything worse! The captain, who is plump and kindly, informs us that often poisonous centipedes and spiders abound, and even snakes occasionally,—ugh!

I hope some day we shall come back to India and see some of the sport, which, as regular tourists, we have been obliged to miss this time. One hears so much of the excitement of "pig-sticking," though the description of it sounds horribly cruel, but I should like to have seen a tiger shot!

March 6, *Government House, Rangoon, Burmah.*—We anchored at the mouth of the river late last night, and at daybreak steamed slowly up, careful of shoals, to Rangoon, casting anchor at the British India Company's wharf about eleven o'clock.

The city lies low on the banks of the broad river, hemmed in by the shipping and little Burmese boats and barges burdened with cargo floating about. The port is unusually full at present. Among many of the Hall, the Glen, the Inver, and the Bay Lines, the white hull of the Government transport "Canning" was discernible.

We had an unpleasant voyage on the "Arcot," be-

ing dreadfully cramped for room, and the decks used to get horribly dirty from the accumulation of smuts from the funnel. I employed my time in taking sketches of some of the deck-passengers, a motley crowd of Punjabis, Sikhs, and North-Western Mussulmans, Suratis, Bengalis, and Burmese, showing every style of feature and habit. The Burmese have a flat Mongolian type of face, with many a Chinese characteristic. They dress in the brightest-coloured silk petticoats and turbans, and the women twine flowers in their hair.

As we lie at the coaling-wharf, I notice little boats darting about, much the same as I have read of in China, with staring eyes painted on the prow, so as "to see their way"—a curious idea. There are larger craft, too, with big square sails, which are steered by men who sit in a kind of high raised box in the stern, beautifully carved, and there, sheltered by a gay parasol, and comforted by the inevitable cigar (both men and women are much addicted to smoking) they can watch everything that goes on, and guide their vessel to perfection.

After the usual bustle and hurry of an arrival, and the usual conjectures as to what to do with ourselves, for no one had turned up to meet us, we were consoled by the appearance of Mr Hodgkinson,

the Assistant Commissioner, who informed us we were expected at Government House, and immediately drove us up here, where Mr Crosthwaite, the new Chief Commissioner, is entertaining us till to-morrow. Sir Charles Bernard has just left. We are told that the country is peaceably settling down again, though of course there is still need of great care and wise management, for the people are most unreliable.

The Ruby Mines cause some excitement to outsiders. We had a certain gentleman on board, who is in some way connected with a London firm and its negotiations for the same. He had a bag full of things, including precious stones and rings he had looted from King Theebaw's palace, an action of which he seemed very proud.

We had but a passing glimpse of the town in our drive up here. The bazaar looked bright but dirty, and the population very mixed, the larger proportion being Indians. The dwelling-houses of the upper class are very prettily built in dark timber, with sloping roofs,—high up from the ground on piles, to keep out creeping animals.

We caught a glimpse of the famous gold pagoda some little way from the city, surrounded by fine

trees. To-morrow being full moon, we are fortunate in coming in for a grand festival. The Burmese are nearly all Buddhists.

March 7, *Rangoon.*—We drove to the Cantonment Gardens yesterday evening. They are curiously laid out with a small lake in the middle, and remind one of the well-known willow-pattern plates, minus the escaping lovers and enraged father. We took a look also at the brightly lighted bazaar, in which a Hindoo rejoicing was taking place—a throng of people surrounding a sort of "Jack in the bush," composed of various-coloured lights, waving torches to the beating of tom-toms, and the usual mournful melodies.

Rangoon is remarkable for its mixed population—Burmese, Indians, Jews, Turks, Armenians, Negroes, Parsees, and an enormous number of Chinese, who monopolise a great deal of the trade. We passed many of their joss-houses and dwellings, very crowded together with hieroglyphic writing painted in gold, on bright red, above the doors. We also went to the boot-bazaar, for "John Chinaman" is a famous shoemaker!

At the great Shway-Dagon pagoda this morning we saw a sight which I can only liken to fairyland —or fairyland as represented at a Drury Lane panto-

mime! Ascending a vast number of steps, guarded by huge and frightful stone dragons, we passed up into the courtyard through a covered alley where wretched-looking beggars wailed for pice, and all the offerings for Buddha and his idols were laid out for sale. The courtyard, full of small pagodas with painted roofs and quaint eaves (seven of which, placed one above another, have a symbolic meaning), was one mass of life, light, and colour. The rich red and bright gilding of the huge temple towered above stalls laden with gay paper flowers, flags, and coloured candles, to burn to the huge brazen images of Buddha which adorn each building, and presided over by women, who, with a pardonable vanity natural to their sex, employ their time in powdering their dark skins white, and blacking their eyebrows, perfectly indifferent to our amusement. These women are by no means pretty, but have a certain coquetry and brightness of expression very different from the Indian purdah ladies. On all sides were poungees (Buddhist priests) wandering about, blind musicians singing to their fiddles, men and women begging and praying, a great bell and numberless gongs clanging an accompaniment to their devotions—the whole leaving a vivid impression, difficult to describe, but giving rise to

regret when one thinks of all the worship and adoration offered to these dumb images.

I was anxious to buy something in the town, but alas! we found the bright silks were all Manchester with few exceptions, and we only picked up a few odds and ends. In the market-place, smelly and dirty, the shopmen were sitting with crossed légs chewing the horrid betel-nut, or smoking the inevitable cheroot, to which even little children are addicted. It is composed of opium and weak tobacco, and is very insipid. At the School of Art I bought a carved Burman figure holding a gong. These people are famous for their gongs, which they use in all ceremonies, and some have such deep sweet tones.

March 8, *s.s.* "*Yunan*," *on the Irrawaddy*.—Dusty and sleepy, we reached Prome at 6.30, after a ten hours' journey on a narrow-gauge railway from Rangoon, and are now slowly making way up the river, taking continual soundings, for the currents are strong and the shallows numerous. The "Yunan" is a large two-decked paddle-steamer, somewhat like the American river-boats. She is simply crowded with Burmese, packed together between decks like herrings in a barrel. The saloon passengers are chiefly young police officers

going up for a five years' term to the various hill-stations, and not in the least apprehensive of the loneliness, monotony, and comparative danger of their appointments.

The river is generally very broad, but varies in width: a sandy shore lines either side, rising into low irregular hills well wooded, the leafless trees showing the parched ground below. Occasionally



Burmese boat.

one notices little pagodas crowning the summits, or peeping out among the palm-trees which surround the raised piles on which the Burmese huts are built. There is a soft haze and golden light fading into the distant blue above, and a delicious cool breeze tempers the intense heat. Over everything, a brown tint only known to us in late autumn, and one can scarcely imagine that anything ever becomes green under this fierce sun.

Now and then a huge boat, manned by natives in their bright garments, floats slowly by, or a tiny skiff darts across the prow; but we have the river much to ourselves, and the prospect of three days' real enjoyment before us, with but one drawback—the mosquitoes! Swarms have besieged my cabin; slaughter is useless, for they seem to increase tenfold; and oh, what of to-night?

Before leaving Rangoon we took a most lovely drive into the country to the Kokhine Lake. This artificial but most picturesque reservoir, which provides the city with water, winds about into little creeks overhung with rich tropical vegetation, fine-grown trees, struggling through the embraces of clinging creepers, reflect themselves in the clear blue water, which lends a brighter green to their foliage. Not a sound broke the stillness as we rowed about till dark, save the splash of our oars, the "whirr, whirr" of a wild duck speeding overhead, and the continual dull chirping of the locust. The air was laden with the perfume of the mango-blossom and creeping jasmine.

The country road along which we passed was bordered by high banks thickly overgrown, and teak and mango trees bending above the graceful bamboos, and sheltering acres upon acres of

pine-apple. These latter grow almost wild, and are let in plots to various Burman and Chinese gardeners. Barring pine-apples and bamboos, the great thickness of the jungle brought recollections of the Australian bush. Strange to say, wild animals are very scarce, and jackals are quite unknown in Burmah. The higher land, however, teems with elephants, and some say tigers.

I must mention the Burmese ponies. They are the dearest little things I ever saw, sturdy and high-spirited, but still extremely gentle; and their willingness to work is brutally taken advantage of, the little beasts being harnessed to the four-wheeled gharries, to do all the labour of big horses.

Mrs Crosthwaite and her step-daughter entertained us most kindly in Rangoon.

March 9, "*Yunan.*"—About noon yesterday we stopped for about an hour at Thyetmyo, a village on the river-bank. It was too hot to land, so we passed the time gazing on the chattering crowd at the landing-stage, and in the little boats round the steamer.

At night we anchored at Minhla. It was here the first engagement of the Burmese war took place last year, and the Fort beneath whose shadow we are lying was captured. It was hot

and peaceful; no sound broke the stillness, save now and then a distant cry, and, I am afraid, the rather boisterous merriment of our passengers, who indulged in numerous "whisky pegs." At 9 o'clock the bugle sounded from the Fort, making one think strangely of another bugle that might be just ringing out from the Wellington Barracks in the midst of noisy London; and here are we, up the Irrawaddy, in the heart of Burmah, the last place in the world we thought of hearing the well-known tattoo.

Navigation is dangerous on the river, so not until daybreak did we weigh anchor, and after stopping about half an hour at Menbo, are steaming onwards. We have left much of the fine scenery behind, and now a deserted plain, sparsely covered with grass, stretches to the horizon, though occasionally it is varied by nut-brown huts, small pagodas, and masses of bright scarlet-blossomed cotton-trees.

March 10, "*Yunan.*"—We anchored last night in mid-stream, in one of the prettiest bends of the river. Hills sharply defined against the evening sky rose on our left, covered with brushwood; to our right an undulating plain melted far, far away into soft forms of higher mountains. Over these

the moon, now at its full, rose slowly, and in silver glory shed its light across the dark rippling waters. The warm tints of sunset died gradually away, and in the distance gleamed jungle-fires out of the blackness of the on-speeding night. It was a lovely sight, full of the silent poetry of nature, drawing one's soul upwards in thankfulness to the God who gives so many beautiful things to remind one of His love.

We passed several small villages yesterday, remarkable only for the white-and-gold pagodas dotted about among the dingy houses. We reached Pagán this morning. Temples, small and large, decaying or in good preservation, are the striking features of this now deserted city. A sacred town, it was once an ancient Burmese capital, but the mouldering ruins and the few inhabitants, chiefly an outcast race, are the only relics of any former greatness.

A few miles farther up is a somewhat important military station with the Union-jack flying gaily above the cliff. It is scarcely safe to land at lonely places far from the large towns. Dacoiting is still very frequent, and Bo Shwe's followers would not be pleasant fellows to meet unarmed. These dacoits are merely bands of law-

less Burmans who sweep the upper country, and, after a bout of fighting, in which they highly delight, and a great deal of looting, settle down to their peaceful avocations. The drawback is that these bouts, though carried on long before we conquered the country, are too frequent and ferocious, especially among the hill-tribes, not to be forcibly stamped out. Otherwise the sunny temperament of the Burman is little disturbed by our rule; and compared with the barbarous customs and injustice practised during the reign of King Theebaw and his harridan queen scarcely more than a year ago, it must be peace indeed.

We have now on board an amusing priest. He is Roman Catholic chaplain attached to a portion of the army here, and very "Oirish," an enthusiastic Home-Ruler, the Irish members being all his dearest friends! He is very eager for a Parliament on "College Grane," and carried on a long discussion on the subject through dinner. He has got such a merry twinkle in his blue eyes that one can't help liking him.

A fresh breeze is blowing the sand about in blinding eddies, obliterating the horizon, and we are steaming very cautiously, owing to the shallow water.

March 11, "*Yunan.*"—When the sun set last evening, we found our night berth far from pleasant. The hills had quite disappeared from view; a clump of trees on our left and the twinkling of lights from some native huts, showed the only signs of life on that mournful, sandy waste. The moon rose at last, blood-red, changing its glistening rays into a sea of glory as the minutes passed, and beautifying even this desolate spot. Swarms of mosquitoes floated from the land, and had it not been for a cool breeze, we would have had a dreadful night of it.

Our jovial priest departed at Min-Gyan to join General Low, who commands that district. The latter came on board at Pokoko with his aide-de-camp, his uniform very dusty, and his topee rather battered. I expect they had ridden some distance. Next to Mandalay, Pokoko and Min-Gyan are the two largest towns on the Irrawaddy.

There was little variety to be remarked in the country we passed yesterday. Flocks of wild geese now and then flew crying over the stern, to the entertainment of our young passengers, who took numerous but ineffectual shots at them. Long-legged storks wandered gravely by the river's brink, while the little hamlets we passed were embowered in green palm-trees, their fleet of unwieldy fishing-

boats with carved prows reminding one of the pictures of the war-boats of the ancient Norseman or Briton. We noticed a motionless black figure on one of the loneliest hillocks, and with the aid of a telescope, discovered it was a skeleton tied to a post—no doubt, some poor fellow murdered by dacoits, and left in ghastly solitude, a prey for the wild beasts. It was some comfort to feel that, in a few months, the waters would rise in flood and wash all traces away.

We have delivered the mails at Ava, and are now passing the hills of Sa-Gaung for some five or six miles below Mandalay. The two towns of Ava and Amarapura were ancient capitals, hence the number of religious buildings, mostly in a last stage of decay, which cover the slopes.

I must not forget to mention Captain Eyre, a commissioner, who came on board at Pagán. He was at Eton with S., and, in recollection of those days no doubt, has given me a pretty Burmese silver necklace!

March 12, "*Yunan*," *Mandalay*. — Through the blinding eddies of dust blown by a hot wind yesterday, we discerned above the landing-stage a high sandy bank, several large wooden storehouses, the glint of white tents through the parched trees, and

rows and rows of clumsy bullock-carts and gharries, the latter closely resembling dog-kennels on wheels, the patient animals standing half asleep in the fierce sunshine. A white glare hung over everything, and it was a great relief to turn from this far from prepossessing outlook to the other side, where, beyond the flowing waters, a green strip of land jutted forth, with houses surrounded by trees under the shadow of picturesque but sterile hills. We had arranged to live on the steamer during our



Burmese bullock-cart.

stay, and were thankful we hadn't got to seek fresh quarters through the noonday heat.

A note from Mr White, the commissioner's secretary, promised us a carriage at four o'clock, and we passed the time till then in much amusement watching the passengers disembark, the crowd with difficulty kept in order by Indian guards, who lined the way up to the highroad. Punctual to the hour, a smart victoria arrived, kindly lent

us by a Burman minister, and drawn by two fat bullocks, which, even by dint of beating, coaxing, prodding, and swearing, the driver could scarcely force out of a walk. It took us a whole hour to get two miles! Mr White accompanied us.

The town of Mandalay is some distance from the river, but about half-way we stopped at the Queen's monasteries, where the poungees dwell. The architecture of the gilded pagoda in the midst is in the many-roofed pointed style, exhibiting wonderful designs in wood-carving, and from summit to base it shines a mass of gilding and inlaid glass—the latter of a rich dark-green, which caused an ignorant but enthusiastic Briton to report that the emeralds were so large they would have to be broken in pieces to find any purchasers! The interior contained a brazen image of Buddha under a large umbrella, and great pillars of teak, some of them ninety feet in height. The priests, with shaven heads, were lying about, perfectly unconcerned at our investigations. Nunneries as well as monasteries exist, and it is a fact that the nuns are usually well-informed and intelligent above the average.

The Atu-ma-shi-Kyaung, or Incomparable Temple, is a strangely shaped building of white

stucco or stone, its beauty much marred by the roof of corrugated iron, which material is used everywhere for fear of fire, and is especially ugly combined with the gilding. The Ku-Tho-Daw pagoda is decidedly the most attractive, quite a unique sight, surrounded as it is by over 450 little pure white temples or shrines, each containing a tablet of Buddhist scripture, and clustering round the gilded centre they look like so many snowy doves. We climbed up a few of the steps, and obtained a good view of the city, the setting sun irradiating the shining minarets and pagodas, and the glass on the Palace tower, and throwing dark shadows on the beautiful Shan hills.

The city is enclosed by a square wall, miniature towers ornamenting it at intervals, and pierced by twelve gates. Within, large tracts of ground lie waste, cleared last year by numerous fires, intentional or accidental, and the few houses that remain are of the most paltry description, merely bamboo huts on piles, but they are being rapidly replaced by *pucka* or masonry ones. The Palace stands within a high stockade. The deep moat round the city is covered with the lotus-plant and crossed by wooden bridges, which shake and rattle under the weight of the lumbering bullock-carts.

Horses are rarely seen, just here and there a turbaned trooper galloping astride of one. The little Burmese ponies are far more suited to the climate, though Tommy Atkins finds them difficult to manage. They have a way of turning round and round, till at last they deposit the sturdy Briton on his back.

English soldiers, in their dust-coloured kaki uniforms, have their barracks in the pagodas, monopolise King Theebaw's sacred Palace, and, alas! make merry in the bazaars. That curse of drink! the origin of many of the fevers and much of the mortality in these tropical climes.

Early this morning we went to the Palace again in our bullock-victoria, the coachman sensibly subsiding from his seat to a cross-legged position half across the splash-board, where he could easier poke and beat the stubborn animals! This Palace consists of a number of buildings close together around a narrow leaning tower inlaid with glass, crowned with the gold umbrella which marks every pagoda, hung with little bells, and no doubt full of precious stones. The tower was regarded as very holy, and no Burman dared pass it without low salaams. From the top of rickety wooden steps, we obtained a bird's-eye view of the city right away to the

river. Palm-trees and other waving foliage encircling alike glittering and snow-white pagodas, the red city walls, and the flimsy huts, and their rich verdure changing only for the distant blue of the sheltering hills.

I have hitherto mentioned little of the inhabitants. The population, as in Rangoon, is largely mixed; the go-ahead Chinaman, in long shirt and baggy trousers, is very conspicuous, and, indeed, the trade rests chiefly in his hands; but there are the Shan hill-tribes, noticeable for their curious tattooed legs and huge flapping straw hats; the Karens, with differently embroidered blouses, and numberless other mountain people, beside the gay-turbaned, stolid-faced Burman, and many Hindoos with Sikhs and Madrasees.

The Burmese, both men and women, are very proud of their hair, which they wear long, or twisted in huge knobs, the lady sometimes augmenting it with false tresses.

It was quite dark when we drove home late last night, but no one molested us. Mandalay is indeed perfectly quiet.

It seems to me that the bugbear of Burmah is the correspondent of an important newspaper. He apparently bears the Indian Government, and,

indeed, nearly every one, a grudge; and his exaggerated and untruthful telegrams to England cause grave misunderstandings at home, making it consequently very uphill work for the already hard-worked officials.

As a whole, we found the Palace most disappointing, the king's rooms and council-chamber excepted, on account of the associations, and we listened with fascinated horror to the tales of the massacres outside the East Gate. The chief queen must have been a terrible lady: as soon as she got tired of her numerous lovers, they disappeared and were never heard of again, King Theebaw apparently assenting. Her jealousy, too, was awful! We will hope she is repenting of her sins in their exile at Rutnagherry. The whole place is now filled with officials and soldiers, and everything of interest stolen or carried away to be sold. Such is life!

March 14, "*Yunan*," *Mandalay.*—Oh, the heat! The noonday glare is full on this unfortunate steamer; panting, nerveless, I can scarcely hold a pen, much less concentrate my thoughts. We have just returned from the bazaar. I have recollections of a gay crowd, of numberless booths, of buying gay silks and silver odds and ends, after much

haggling, but above all, of a pitiless sun. Colonel Creek of the Welsh Fusiliers went with us.

Yesterday morning being a festival, we went to the Arakan Pagoda, jolting over the bad roads in our bullock-carriage, but there was little of interest, compared with the sight we saw in Rangoon.

After tiffin we started, accompanied by the captain, Mr Miller, one of the managers of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company, a number of officers belonging to the Fusiliers, two young police superintendents, and a guard of Sikhs, for the ruins of the Myngoon Pagoda, and the Great Bell; the first said to be the largest mass of brickwork in the world—the second only inferior in size to the great bell in Moscow. Forty minutes' steam up the river, and a five minutes' walk, and we stood at the foot of the unfinished pile of masonry, cleft from the top to the bottom, and towering above us for several hundred feet. A little to the right, embowered in jungle and supported by pillars of rotten timber, was the Great Bell. If the Pagoda had ever reached completion (we saw the model close by), it would have been of an extraordinary size, but never beautiful; and one could not regret the earthquake which arrested the growth of the Burmese king's modern Tower of Babel, and left it

deserted by the poungees, and unreverenced by the superstitious. Two huge ruined dragons guard the entrance, and the whole effect was much beautified by the high mountains and the shimmer of the evening light through the jungle. The bell is somewhat of a mystery. There is no doubt that it was cast where it now remains, but that it has always been dumb. Many proposals have been made for taking it away and fixing it elsewhere, but there is every prospect that it will end its days where it began them.

Across the river the Mandalay hill was distinctly visible, and the Shan mountains looming in mist. No excitement was our lot; although the sepoys formed a strong guard, not a dacoit appeared, and the dry leaves crackled under our feet without disclosing any venomous snakes.

Each day has been growing warmer, and the rising river, indicative of melting snows, has swept past in rapid currents, carrying *débris* and rubbish in its course. A poor girl bathing yesterday was caught in an eddy, just astern of the steamer, and was sucked under, never to appear again. We expect to reach Rangoon on Friday.

March 17, "*Yunan*," *Prome*.—Our run down the river has been accomplished in a much shorter

time, the current carrying us with it at a rapid pace, and here we are stewing under a sandbank till the mail leaves. The heat of the last few days has been intense—indeed, under the steamer's corrugated iron roof, almost unbearable.

At Minhla we stayed a short time and visited the Fort, a very primitive kind of defence, with four stout walls, from the top of which we obtained a fine view of the picturesque country. Only one young English officer is in command of the place, with about one hundred native infantry. We pitied him in his loneliness.

At Thyetmyo we bought two silver cups from a man who came on board. The place is famous for their delicate workmanship.

We passed very many of the Irrawaddy Flotilla Company's steamers plying up and down, most of them carrying troops, with huge flats for cargo on either side. Our passengers include the Bishop of Rangoon and Mrs Strahan, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Mandalay (Bourdon by name), and two of King Theebaw's former ministers. One of them is a clever, cunning-looking fellow, has travelled much in France and Italy, and can speak almost any tongue.

The dress of the Burmese is certainly attrac-

tive; they are very fond of checks and stripes, and show this taste in their silk or cotton petticoats of red and yellow, pink and white, &c. Their green or red sandals are held down by a strap between the big and second toe; their shiny black hair is gathered into a top-knot, and turbans of some gay colour twisted round their forehead; and a Chinese parasol completes the costume. Their types of features differ largely, but they generally exhibit good-humoured, stolid countenances.

In Minhla Fort we saw some dacoits, captured in the surrounding district, with heavy chains on their wrists and ankles. Poor fellows! they looked perfectly indifferent and contented, accepting the inevitable with a happy fortitude which, I believe, is a characteristic of a Burman proper. Their appearance is similar to that of an ordinary villager.

Our stay in Burmah has been of great interest. A few months and the railway will be opened, and no doubt Mandalay will be thoroughly "Englishified." I must say, as a nation, we are great pirates, though we take care to sweeten our conquering grip with "sugar and spice, and all that's nice!"

March 19, *B.I. s.s.* "*Kilwa.*"—We have been lying for some hours close to Amherst Point waiting for the tide, but are now steaming up the

Salween river to Maulmein, a port only second in importance to Rangoon.

At noon yesterday we were on board, having bidden farewell to the Crosthwaites, and found our berths for the next ten days not very comfortable. Luckily our passengers consist only of four men, so there is some amount of deck-room. Much to our astonishment, we found the captain to be a Sutherland man, son of Mrs H. M'Kay of Kinlochbervie House. He is a cheery Highlander, and delighted to talk about the old home.

We went on board the yacht "Sunbeam" in Rangoon harbour. Lord and Lady Brassey, with all their family, had arrived in her the previous morning on their way to Borneo and Australia. She is a three-masted schooner of over 300 tons, snowy white from sails to hulk, spotlessly clean, full of every comfort and convenience—in short, a model of floating luxury. Gazing at our coal-begrimed steamer, it made one feel very envious, especially on the discovery that our cabins were full of cockroaches as long as my finger, racing about the floor and the walls, and hiding in my topee and sunshade! The heat below is unbearable, so we have all our meals on deck. We have just passed a small brig in full sail on our port

bow: sails and craft of all sizes are dotted about everywhere.

The blue waters of the ocean are fast exchanging for the muddy river; but as our vessel draws 18 ft. 7 in., it will be impossible to get within twelve miles of the town. The cargo will have to be loaded and unloaded by boats. We are steering close under the low wooded banks, for, owing to shoals, navigation is very difficult unless one course is followed. Flocks of sea-birds wheeling round and round, snow-white and grey, follow astern with melancholy cries, and the calmness of the yellow water shows that our destination will soon be reached.

March 20, *s.s.* "*Kilwa*," *Maulmein.*—Maulmein is situated on the banks of the Salween river. The beautifully wooded ground rises slowly in the background, interspersed with little pointed hills, usually crowned by pagodas or gilded poungee monasteries. Through the rich green foliage of the mango and peepul, the feathery palms, bamboos, and many unknown flowering trees, for which Burmah is so famous, peep the bungalows and dwellings of the European inhabitants.

We made an expedition to the town in a steam-launch for an hour or two; but we were persuaded by Colonel Plant, the Commissioner, to dine and

sleep ashore, and we drove with Mrs Plant all about the place, from the timber-yards to Battery Point, from where we obtained the prettiest view we have yet seen in Burmah. The junction of the three rivers, Salween, Oyang, and Attaran, at this place give the effect of a large lake, in the midst a lovely island, and on the far shore, mountain upon mountain towers against the pale evening sky. The town of Martaban, now only a village, lies on the opposite point. Far to our right we caught a glimpse of the great limestone caves, which it was our great regret we could not visit. No one has entirely explored them yet. They rise sheer out of the rice-fields, and are full of the most wonderful stalactites. I believe they are only second in interest to the caves of Kentucky.

Maulmein, the capital of the province of Tennasserim, has lost much of its importance since the seat of Government was removed to Rangoon; but it continues to export a good deal of timber and rice, and, as far as healthiness and scenery go, is infinitely superior.

By far the most entertaining sight was in the timber-yards, where the elephants are at work. These clever beasts are taught to draw, carry, and stack the wood, which they do with a care and

precision worthy of a human being. It is quite touching to see the huge animal holding in his trunk a block of timber which it would take twenty coolies to drag along, pushing it with his knee to place it in position, and then retreating a few paces, with a critical eye to note if it lies quite straight! A coolie with a sharp pike sits on his head, just to remind him occasionally of his duty, but the elephant really works entirely on his own responsibility.

Maulmein is famous for ivory-carving, and we saw a most wonderful chair of it, worth 4000 rupees. It was ordered by a native of Mandalay as a present for the Queen; but as he since became insolvent, the unpaid-for chair remains in the shop. The design in chiselling is something exquisite, carved out of the solid tusk, with no fixing or additions. The most delicate lace-work pattern is exhibited on the outside, and figures of animals and little gotamas within. It looks as if fairy hands had been at work, and it is almost impossible to believe that it has been the result of human skill; but the old Burman sitting cross-legged on the dirty floor is the artist, foolishly refusing to impart the secret of his success to his son, so I much fear the art will die out with the present generation.

At the Commissioner's house, Mrs Plant has an aviary full of all sorts of birds, and a house full of the rarest orchids, which grow in luxuriance in this country, and require no unnatural tending. Stephanotis clusters over the verandah, and the perfume of the hoya fills the house. I wonder what people at home would think of these delights—dandies who pay ten shillings for one bloom, when I have a bunch, carelessly picked, stuck in my cap!

Away we go! steaming out of the Gulf of Martaban, steering our course for the Straits and Penang. Although a few years will make a great difference in Burmah, I do not think we could have visited it at a better period.

March 24, "*Kilwa*," *Penang*.—After four days' slow steaming in our most bumptious steamer, which, what with spitting forth volumes of black smoke, rattling of steering-gear, stirring up oceans of foam from a horrid two-bladed screw, and a display of monster cockroaches, has led us a nice life of it through the heat, we cast anchor this morning at Penang, and with a cool breeze blowing after a night of rain, looked out upon George Town and the charming scenery around it — an ample reward for all our discomfort.

Imagine an island about fifteen miles long, sepa-

rated by a narrow channel from the mainland, composed of irregular hills covered with the thickest and richest of tropical vegetation, combining recollections of the heights of Ceylon with the gentle beauty of the landscape round Lake Como. The town itself lies close to the shore, full of bright flowering shrubs, the air heavy with their scent—crimson bougainvilleas mingled with many-coloured crotons, hybiscus, and yellow allamandas, and the scarlet-flowered acacia-tree bending its graceful branches within a few yards of the creamy surf. Acres upon acres of palms, with slender trunks and clustering crowns heavy with cocoa-nuts, shelter the myrtle-green bushes of the mangosteen, whose sweet luscious fruit, the best in the tropics, we have tasted for the first time. Everything verdant—grass, creepers, leaves, filled with moisture; no parched ground, no sandy waste, but all nature rejoicing under abundance of rain, which falls more or less all the year round in this moist unchangeable climate. Even now, as we are getting up steam for departure, a heavy thunderstorm is passing over, leaving the roads pools of water, the gutters rushing rivers.

On our arrival this morning we found the harbour full of boats, chiefly Chinese traders and Malay

junks. Dr Hampshire, chief staff surgeon, boarded us, and kindly drove us in a very comfortable carriage to the Fort, where rooms were provided for us, had we been able to stay the night. That was impossible; so, after being introduced to Mr Irving, the resident councillor, we started for the Penang waterfall, a drive of some four miles through the town, where everything seems more or less in the hands of Chinamen, past red and white bungalows boasting the brightest of gardens, and through villages where bamboo huts, built alike on piles, sheltering an enormous Malay population, brought us to a lovely slope on the hillside, which is being rapidly converted into public gardens.

Dr Hampshire had a pretty good opinion of my walking powers, for we had a stiff climb, and I was very breathless when we reached the bridge and looked down upon the waterfall, which, to my mind, can scarcely stand comparison with the Dunrobin burn! As we stood on this bridge, we looked up to the great hill above us, where, almost on the summit, an enterprising lawyer had built his bungalow, surrounded by plantations of nutmeg, which are carefully tended in all the jungle clearings. Below lay the fertile valley overflowing with nature's gifts, and we felt,

as the warm vapours rose around us, that we were in some gigantic hothouse, and that a few steps farther must take us out to the grey sky and east wind; but it was no illusion. Gardens of paradise on this cold hard earth, they exist as well as our English woods and fields, which must now be bursting into life; the primroses and violets peeping out, and the birds beginning to sing. Well, after all — shall I confess it? — the old country is the best. I would not exchange one flowery meadow for all this strange loveliness.

After leaving the waterfall, a drive round brought us to a pretty peep called Aier Etah (black water), where a paddy water-mill hummed on our left, and great boulders of rock lay in a little stream trickling down from the land, cultivated with nutmeg and mace, tapioca, betel, and pine-apples, which last are as common as potatoes in Ireland.

The market would have been interesting, but oh! the awful smells,—fish in various stages of decay; pork, for which the Chinaman has a horrible predilection, in a like state; pigs running about all over the place, and the vendor squatting complacently among his wares, his long pigtail twisted round his head, and much amused at our discomfiture. We

lunched with Mr Irving, and joined the steamer in this truly tropical downpour.

Chinese compose the greater mass of the population of over 50,000; Malays, Japanese, and "Klings" (natives of Southern India) being much in the minority. Gharries are not numerous, though we had a very comfortable carriage lent us by a rich Indian. People generally go about in "jin-rick-shas," or miniature hansom cabs, imported from Japan, and drawn by Chinese coolies, who trot gaily along, utterly regardless of the weight. It is wonderful what these coolies can carry, hung on a long pole across their shoulders. They shamble up the street, not in the least encumbered by the heavy boxes dangling at either end.

Darkness has fallen at last; even the fading outline of the lovely island has disappeared, so I must put by my pen.

March 27, *Government House, Singapore.* — A leaden grey sky, with heavy clouds over the horizon, and a strong warm wind, breaking the sea into short crisp waves, welcomed us at Singapore. Sunshine is essential to the tropics; so as we steamed up the narrow channel of the new harbour and caught the first glimpse of the town, we were a trifle disappointed.

There is no striking landmark like the Penang hill, only undulating wooded ground, sometimes flattening into plains. The channel is very narrow and winding, and the banks in some places are of red sandstone, which tones well with the rich green of the trees hanging over the water's edge. Above the native huts towered the flagstaff, where they were signalling our arrival. Mail-steamers and cargo vessels, English, French, German, and Russian gunboats, with Chinese junks, lay at the wharf or in the open stream, and gave an air of great animation to the place. The town reminds one of some French or Italian seaport, for the finest houses have red roofs and white walls, with here and there a pink or yellow building, giving a warmth of colouring the sunshine has denied.

As we looked above at the dark sky it was difficult to fancy we were just at the equator. It has been our fate whenever we have neared the "line" to experience the same weather, and the only squall we have had at sea as yet was just after crossing it. Islands lie all around, and the distant coast of Sumatra on the horizon.

Major Grey, governor of the jail, met us on the quay, and told us that Sir Frederick Weld was away in the native States, but that Lady Weld

expected us at Government House, where we drove after first calling at the post-office, and to our joy finding some English letters.

This is a large modern-looking building on a hill; sloping lawns and great trees give it a park-like appearance. On looking out this morning in the bright sunlight, it is more like some English scene, for one gets glimpses here and there of grass-grown fields, with a lovely peep of the sea beyond, and distant hills on the other side of the bay. The twittering of the birds, too, in the early morning, and the occasional clouding over and gusts of breeze, remind one still more of home; but the heat, though moist and pleasant, is very great. Mosquitoes and flying ants abound, but the house is comfort indeed after the dirty ship.

Lady Weld and her daughters received us most kindly. A small dinner-party last night included Mr Dixon, Colonial Secretary, and his wife; Major and Mrs Grey; Colonel Cardew, the 82d Regiment; and the Sultan of Johore, who was accompanied by his little Malay secretary, in faultless European attire, and obviously suffering from his stiffly starched "masher" collar. The Sultan, who is a handsome middle-aged man, has only just returned from England, tremendously enthusiastic

about everything there. He has invited us to spend a day at Johore, which is only a drive of fourteen miles after crossing the water.

Singapore looks a flourishing place. It is a great coaling-station and centre of trade between China, &c., and the West, and Europeans of all nationalities have warehouses, and carry on business here.

March 29, *Government House, Singapore.*—A great deal of rain has fallen since we have been here. It makes the nights and mornings cooler, and everything look fresh; but when the sun comes out, the atmosphere resembles a vapour-bath.

Lady Weld took me yesterday afternoon to the Hospital, an airy building, most healthily situated. I noticed it was very empty: a few sailors of the fleet on the China station occupying the beds, with broken legs or fever. One poor fellow of the "Satellite" came from Portsmouth, but was so weak I could not speak to him. The matron and nurses are French Roman Catholic sisters from the convent.

We had a very pleasant drive in the cool of the evening through the Botanical Gardens and along the Jungle Road—a mass of delicate ferns and overgrowth. We passed by many mangrove-swamps, the trees growing with their roots out

of the mud. Chinamen and Malays build their houses in the midst, but there is an unhealthy air suggestive of fever about the black slime and stagnant pools of water. Singapore really swarms with Chinese. The men are jolly-looking fellows, as one sees them sitting cross-legged in their shops, their heads shorn all but the pig-tail, and no clothing but a very baggy pair of trousers. The better class wear white cotton jackets, and largely affect grey wideawake hats, which look extremely funny tilted far back from their broad yellow faces.

The Tanglin Barracks, once the unhealthiest place in the world, now forms a charming situation for the soldiers and officers.

The duck-farms here are very curious; the ducks are hatched and reared in bran in the middle of the paddy-fields, and seem to thrive quite as well without any ponds. It looks pretty seeing hundreds of these little ducklings fluttering about with no old birds "quacking" at their heels to induce them to make the first plunge in the usually muddy water.

Miss Weld and I went out very early this morning to buy some straw deck-chairs, &c. The shop-keepers generally ask double what they really

mean to take; but they are not so troublesome as in India, and seem quite content if one goes away without buying anything. In one place they were all very busy at their breakfast, discussing bowlfuls of rice with "chopsticks" in a marvellous way.

S. spent yesterday afternoon with Captain Cameron of the Engineers, going over the forts.

March 30, *Singapore*.—The Sultana of Johore was at home to us yesterday at Tyresall, their town house. The Sultan, to whom European clothes are decidedly becoming, escorted us up to the drawing-room, which is full of costly bric-a-brac, tables, screens, &c., brought from England, France, Japan, and China. Photos of our Royal family are on all the tables, and one cannot help feeling that fabulous sums must have been spent on the decorations. I hear that his extravagances in England were dreadful, and that he is over head and ears in debt, the state of Johore itself being mortgaged. The Sultana, half a Malay, half Chinese, is a good-natured old thing, but far from beautiful. She was dressed in a tartan silk sarong and a long brown and gold coat, fastened with emerald and diamond brooches. Her mouth is perfectly black with betel-nut, which she kept chewing and

spitting into a gold vase. As she can speak no English, we asked to see her jewels as a diversion. The most lovely things were brought out. Necklaces of rows and rows of diamonds, rivieras—bracelets of rubies, emeralds, and opals, all exquisitely mounted. The Sultan had given her a gold box, simply blazing with diamonds, to keep her betel-nut in! One could not help feeling how wasted all these pretty things were, shut up in their velvet cases, or only occasionally worn in the privacy of her room.

They have an English servant in livery, who does coachman, footman, and general amanuensis. His face was a mask: he evidently had been well trained, but it looked so ridiculous to see him, when she called, running with the vase for the betel-nut! Tyresall stands in a pleasant situation above Tanglin, and at the back of the gardens, nearly as elevated as Government House. Coffee plantations belonging to the Sultan are laid out all around. We have been forced to give up our visit to Johore, as we leave to-night, or at daybreak to-morrow, for Hong-Kong.

March 31, *P. & O. s.s.* "*Bokhara*," *China Sea.* —Five o'clock! The first bell rings impatiently.

"Stations!" is the call. The pilot is aboard, the chief and third officers retire to the bow, the captain and the fourth take possession of the bridge, the second clings on astern, and the fifth calmly surveys the scene. "All for the shore!" and friends hurry down the gangway, still shouting and waving farewells. Slowly the good ship glides from her moorings, and at half speed we drop down the harbour and out to the open sea, taking our last look at Singapore, bathed in pink from the sunset sky, a last wave to the "Kilwa," who dips her flag in response, and we are fairly off, leaving behind us the lands of the Southern Cross (which, by the by, is a dreadful imposition) and shaping our course for Hong-Kong.

Darkness soon falls—there is no twilight in these tropical lands; the stars and the first quarter of a bright moon appear in the dusky sky, the steamer throbs through the calm water, her black funnel and masts towering overhead, and our thoughts are much of all that we have left behind us, and of the new countries still to be visited, thoughts not unmingled with regret that the glories of India, the picturesqueness of Burmah and its people, the splendid vegetation and scenery of the Straits Settlements, would be to us now only as treasured recollections fading with

the years into dreams, and that little chance there will ever be of reviving those memories. They will, however, be like a little golden thread in our life, closely knitted into our earthly existence.

The "Bokhara" is a nice steamer of about 2900 tons. Our cabins are clean, and minus cockroaches. They have an air of order and *savoir faire* on the P. & O. ships, rather lacking on the small coasting vessels we have been on.

Our passengers include a good number of Americans; two Mr Watneys of Tressidy Lodge, Sutherland; and Mr Wigram, Secretary to the Church Missionary Society.

Just before leaving yesterday, all the "Sunbeam" party came on board, and Lady Brassey presented me with another copy of her book.

We were quite sorry to quit Singapore: its beauties grow on one tremendously, and Lady Weld and her daughters were very kind.

April 4, *s.s.* "*Hankow*," *Chu-Kiang River*.—Our voyage in the "Bokhara," which began so prosperously, ended most miserably. For three days we glided through tranquil seas, and an atmosphere warm and sunny. Our commander, Captain Edwards, was charming, the passengers affable, our spirits at the highest; but, alas! pride will have a

fall. Early on Saturday a fresh breeze sprang up, and before midnight I awoke to find the ship tossing and rolling in a regular gale. Oh, what a miserable Palm-Sunday! I crawled up from my cabin, only to be washed half-way down the deck by a great wave, which carried my reputation with it! I then gave way altogether, and sensibly took to my berth. Never did passengers greet a harbour more gratefully than we did this morning on our arrival at Hong-Kong, pretending that none of us had ever been ill, our wan and haggard faces nevertheless belying us.

The approach to Hong-Kong is wonderfully striking; but I am afraid we were thinking more of our shaky legs than the scenery, till we got well into shelter, and lay among the shipping, under the precipitous bare rock at the foot of which is scattered the quaint town of Victoria. The tropical vegetation has disappeared, the wind is as cold as an English May, and the hills exhibit a bleak rugged beauty, their red sandstone standing out above the scrubby grass, firs, and low shrubs that in places cover the slopes.

We went to the hotel, which seems fairly good, and is close to the wharf, and there engaged two chairs carried by Chinese coolies, for no carriages

are seen in these narrow streets. The chairs are far from comfortable, I must say, carried shoulder-high, with a motion not unlike a ship at sea. I think I should have preferred a jin-rick-sha, of which there are plenty.

Everywhere are the ugly good-humoured Chinamen in blue cotton coat and trousers, the women being difficult to discern from the men, except for their hair, which is greased and twisted into most curious shapes, and stuck full of ornaments, chiefly of green jade. We could not do much shopping, as the dealers are spoilt by their numerous European customers, and their prices are exorbitant. The houses are nearly all three and four storeys high, and substantially built, with the exterior gaudily



Three Chinamen.

decorated, and the streets extraordinarily steep and narrow, rising and sloping in all directions over the hill.

After tiffin we started for the Victoria Peak. It was a tremendous climb, and as we got higher and higher I began to feel very sorry for our eight panting bearers. I soon noticed, however, that they stopped at every refreshment booth on the way, to drink tea and eat cakes, while they put us down at their pleasure, at the same time expecting us to pay for their entertainment, so my sympathy quickly vanished. The path winds in and out amid exquisite foliage, and passes by villas, scattered all over the steep cliff and surrounded by gardens, no longer heavy with tropical scents, but fragrant with tea-roses, violets, and "cherry-pie," and with grass and asphalt tennis-courts, this seeming to be the chief occupation of the residents. Higher, ever higher, we went, passing the break-neck-looking tramway, which is on the eve of completion; and reaching the summit at last, we clambered out of our chairs to the signalling flagstaff.

Oh, what a glorious vista opened out before us in the clear sunshine and bracing air of this spring afternoon! Far below, the grey roofs of the houses

crowded together, only here and there broken in their regularity by a spire, a patch of colour, or a waste space; beyond, the shipping offices, with their company's flags flying gaily in the breeze, the wharfs, and then the brilliant blue water of the bay itself, covered with steamers, sailing-vessels, junks, and sampans (Chinese boats), all reduced to miniature size, as we saw them from our height of 1800 feet. Such a background of hills!—some bare and yellow, some grand and rocky, some green and undulating, landlocking the harbour, and holding in their embrace the tiny island of Hong-Kong. It is a saying that precious goods are in small parcels, and certainly we wondered when we were told that this strip of land contains 150,000 inhabitants, over 7000 of whom are Europeans. The man at the flagstaff signalled a Chinese gun-boat, running up a white flag stamped with a ferocious dragon. We stood watching the white foam astern of the mail-steamer "Oceana" outward bound, and almost obscured by columns of black smoke from a burning coal-stack on the other side, till the rays of the setting sun reminded us that our time was limited, and we turned away with a sigh, the scene indelibly fixed on our memory.

We came down much faster than we went up, on

a different track, past the water-works of "Aberdeen" and through China town, which is curiously interesting, and much cleaner and more savoury than I expected. Here one sees the really hard work going on, wood-turning, silver-carving, shoe-making, &c., for the smart shops; while a number of stalls offer for sale lanterns and kites and joss-sticks, as votive offerings for their idols.

We came on board this steamer, bound for Canton, at 5.30 this evening, being obliged to decline an invitation from Mr Marsh, the acting Governor, to stay at Government House.

At present we are at anchor for a few hours waiting for the tide. All is so calm and cool outside, with the moon reflected in the water, and dimly irradiating the mountains around. These have bright lights burning on them, whether accidental or intentional I know not, but shining in rivulets of flame. The Chinamen shut up between decks, are making a great noise, and a stand full of carbines, swords, and pistols, indicate that things are not always so peaceful as they are to-night. At one time the river was infested with pirates; but the captain tells us that the blood-thirsty accounts of their doings are somewhat exaggerated.

April 7, *s.s.* "*Powan*," *Canton River.* — We spent yesterday amid such bewildering sights, sounds, and smells, that my brain is still in a dazed whirl as we glide down the river to Hong-Kong. Around us are great sailing-junks and ferry-boats, police wherries, and sampans — these last all manned by women, who punt about with their infants tied to their backs, the remainder of the family playing in the bottom of the boat. In these sampans they make their homes, using one part as a parlour, another as a kitchen, and, even while nursing their babies, they are ready for a job with the first comer; and we wondered at the dexterity with which they steered their crafts through the intricate maze of shipping.

At Canton we intrusted our luggage to one of these females to tranship. She was a lady named Susan, with one eye; but despite this drawback proved herself trustworthy, and we found everything safe when we arrived on board.

After a great deal of gesticulating and arguing as to our day's plans, we decided to make up a party; and with the Livingstones and Mr Iznaga we started for Shameen, the European settlement, an artificial island, looking delightfully green among the dingy Chinese buildings all around. We paid

a visit to the English Consul, Mr Alabaster, engaged a guide, who did not prove very efficient, and started off on our peregrinations,—a procession of five sedan-chairs, borne by panting coolies who shouted continually to clear the way.

Anything more extraordinary than a Canton street it is difficult to imagine,—with outstretched arms one could touch either side. No trace of the sky is to be seen overhead, for the hanging-signs in brightest colours, and flags, and lanterns. The odours! well, I dare not describe them, though varying sometimes to a whiff of delicious sandal-wood or burning joss-stick. The houses are several storeys high, and so closely packed that it is a continual amazement how the people can live at all without one breath of fresh air,—the only open spaces being an occasional pool of stagnant water, or some refuse-heap.

Shops, shops everywhere! Sucking-pigs, and very doubtful-looking flesh, which might be cat, dog, or anything, dangle within a yard of delicate brocade or embroidery; tubs full of live fish, dishes full of very decaying ones, snails, frogs, and all kinds of horrible-looking concoctions, the China-man's delight, hold their own with the most costly piece of lacquer or jade! Always the ceaseless flow

of the pig-tailed population, with their ugly yellow faces and dingy garments. They are apparently much astonished at our appearance as we jog past, and utter many unintelligible remarks, which I have no doubt are most uncomplimentary. "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."

Sometimes we jostled another chair containing a fat mandarin, in blue crape and horn spectacles, and evidently fatherless, from his grey moustache —no other Chinamen under forty are allowed to wear hair on their faces—and occasionally we came across a poor little lady with crippled feet hobbling along, or a young grandee seated on a pony, which seemed very much out of place in the crowded alleys. It was a remarkably fascinating and curious sight, but one day was quite enough of it!

I certainly missed the bright colourings of India and Burmah, for the Chinese garments, except on State occasions, are very sober-hued. Our first stoppage was at the pawnbrokers, where second-hand embroideries can be got fairly cheap, and of lovely shades and textures: they are the cast-off clothes of the mandarins and their ladies, it not being considered etiquette to wear the same twice, consequently a great many garments find their way into the hands of these dealers.

The temple of the Five Hundred Genii, where our guide next took us, seemed a kind of Madame Tussaud's, for the 500 genii are represented by 500 gilded idols, each with a different and ludicrous expression on its face: any virtuous Chinaman may hope to be enshrined here—not so the murderers and forgers who find their way into the London wax-works!

The Consul kindly sent luncheon for us to Yamun, a deserted-looking place, formerly the Tartar general's residence, and now supposed to be inhabited by H.B.M.C., but he declines, and says with truth, it is a home only fit for caterpillars and cockroaches. From there a steep climb brought us to the top of the city wall and the Five-storey Pagoda, in itself nothing remarkable, but we were favoured with a clear bright day, and obtained a good view. On one hand lay the city, a network of truly hideous flat roofs, though the Flowery Pagoda, the Roman Catholic Cathedral, still in an unfinished state, and the tall spire of the Nine-storeyed Pagoda, relieved the monotony somewhat; on the other hand, the river winding like a silver thread, the distant mountains above the sandy plain, and patches of trees, chiefly banyans, lichees, whose dried nut-like fruit we know

so well, and scarlet-flowered cotton-trees, their clustering blossoms mingling with a forest of masts on the water. Right below us were the White Cloud hills, the Chinese burial-ground—a confusion of tombstones, from whence we could hear the sounds of squibs and crackers, let off by sorrowing relations to disperse the evil spirits round the grave.

Returning to the silk shops, we met a very poor funeral procession without the usual paraphernalia accompanying it, — the coffin, composed of logs of wood slung on ropes, and the son looking like a corpse himself, dragged along in front to indicate that since his father's demise he had no longer any support in life!

After visiting the big bell on the walls of the old Tartar city, which gave forth the first sound when a chip was carried away by a shot from the English besiegers, we spent the rest of our time in buying crapes and embroideries. We refused to go to the prison and the execution ground, for the accounts one reads as perfectly true of the horrid cruelty and tortures practised upon the prisoners make one's blood run cold.

There are great manufactories of jade in Canton —a green stone extremely expensive, and not at all pretty.

We passed many Chinese restaurants, within whose dark recesses we saw them, with the aid of chopsticks, devouring horrible food mingled with rice. The barber seemed to carry on a lively trade, owing to the continually-to-be-shaven heads and faces of the inhabitants.

The water-clock, which indicates the time by the dripping of water marked off in a bowl, was very interesting. I bought a burning-stick which answers the same purpose.

As we passed through Shameen, the Consul met us and invited us all to dinner, so we were punted to his residence by Susan, in a sampan. The French Consul and his wife were the only guests beside ourselves. It was eleven o'clock before we got back to the steamer, and right glad we were to put aside our company manners and "mush our hair," as Mr Iznaga expressed it, for all were dead tired.

This morning, however, at an early hour we were out shopping again, such is the temptation! I noticed very few women with distorted feet, and not any children; but as all the high-class ladies are carried in sedan-chairs, and never think of walking, it was difficult to judge whether the dreadful habit is as prevalent as formerly.

We left this curious city after breakfast, and have

just passed the small town of Whampoa, and soon will reach the Bogue Forts. These fortifications, after being three times besieged, are now partly in ruins.

I received such an interesting letter from Mr Beauchamp, one of the China Inland missionaries. How I regret we shall not meet them and see some of their work! One can realise how tremendously uphill it must be; but they are striving in the power of God's grace, and are much encouraged.

April 8, *Good Friday, P. & O. "Thibet."*—Against our inclination we were obliged to leave Hong-Kong to-day, and at six o'clock A.M. I tumbled very unwillingly out of a most comfortable bed, fervently hoping for calm weather, for we are quite tired after the last two days' tearing about. It is specially perverse of the P. & O. Company to fix Good Friday to start on. However, travellers pressed for time cannot be choosers.

Our last glimpse of Hong-Kong, with the great Peak rising out of the morning mist, was picturesque. Several steamers arrived yesterday reporting very dirty weather outside, so we were not alone in our misfortunes.

I am sorry we have not longer in the Celestial

Empire: there is so much of interest to see, and I should like to have obtained an insight into Chinese life, or even tasted bird's-nest soup! It is a very expensive luxury, and only the richest epicures are enabled to indulge in it. People who have tasted it say it is very sweet, but has no particular flavour, and to look at it is merely a white gelatinous stuff.

We had an opportunity of hearing "pidgin" English, which is very ridiculous, spoken in Hong-Kong. The Chinese intellect apparently grasps it better; but it is most absurd to hear a grown man talking the baby language. For instance, our guide's directions were given to him thus: "Now takee ladyee, shopee, shopee!" and I was told an amusing story of a native servant, who rushed into his master's bedroom one morning, exclaiming, "Missa Smith guv master small piecy cow chile!" which really meant that Mrs Smith had presented her husband with a little daughter!

Our steamer is heavily laden with sugar, and there are many passengers on board, but we expect to make the run to Nagasaki in three and a half days.

April 12, *Nagasaki Harbour.*—A most unpleasant passage with a favourable wind fell to our lot

again, and I am sure every one was thankful when we were awakened by the gun at 3 A.M., and knew we were in smooth water.

The services on Easter Sunday had to be given up, and our spirits were at the lowest, what with dense fog, howling winds, and heavy seas ringing the changes.

We scrambled up on deck this morning to take our first look on Japan. Graceful verdant hills rose around us, sheltering houses with gabled roofs and jutting eaves, not unlike *châlets*, nestling amidst the rich green terraces of cultivated barley and rice. The town of Nagasaki itself is completely embosomed in these hills, and the harbour is a most picturesque and safe one. The air was intensely keen, with a touch of iciness suggestive of the snows of Siberia; as the sky grew bluer, the sea sparkled brighter, the emerald and dark greens grew more vivid, the grey-roofed and white-walled houses softening their brilliancy. Little brown sampans were rocking on the short crisp waves, propelled by shock-headed Japanese men in padded blue clothes, their round merry faces in keeping with a scene, equalling in beauty but not surpassing any of our own Highland lochs and landscapes.

Mr Brandram, a missionary on board, who has been working for three years in Nagasaki, offered to be our guide for the day, and we all went ashore, sculled by a stout lady, whose dark eyes and rosy cheeks almost beautified her chubby visage; but her black teeth (indicating wifehood), which she showed on all possible occasions, greatly detracted from the effect. She had a tiny baby strapped to her back; for the Japanese, as well as the Chinese, all carry them in this way.

No sooner had we landed than a crowd of jin-rick-sha men surrounded us, clamouring to be engaged, and perfectly content to drag us through the streets for several hours for the modest charge of twenty cents! I cannot say that these little "man-power" carriages are comfortable, for one is carried along at a tremendous pace, rounding corners with break-neck velocity, and nearly annihilating all the children and chickens on the route.

A Japanese street is very fascinating—narrow, but far wider than the stifling Chinese alleys. The houses are square and fairly high, built with their upper storeys jutting out over the roadway of rough paving-stones. The shop-windows, unprotected by glass, though sometimes bamboo screens supply the omission, look very tempting, with their trays full

of polished lacquer-ware and many-coloured china. In the private dwelling-houses the inhabitants are seated on the floor covered with matting, the only ornament beyond the usually carved screen and household utensils being a high vase, supporting a graceful branch of pink blossom, almond or cherry. The Japanese love their flowers, which they arrange with exquisite taste, and scarlet camellias or the clustering cherry-blooms make many bright patches of colour amid the sober tints of blue and grey.

In the curio-shops we found everything very expensive, including the rare Satsuma ware, which is now very difficult to procure. Tortoise-shell, for which Nagasaki is especially famous, nearly ruined us. It is modelled into boxes, jin-rick-shas, boats, fans, &c. At the photographer's, we found two ladies having their portraits taken, one in native, the other in European costume. There can be no doubt which looked the best!

Seen from the interior, Nagasaki loses none of its attractiveness. The streets wind up to the base of the hills, and between the houses flows a mountain stream, watering the rice-fields, and breaking into occasional white foam cascades, before losing itself in the sea. In the middle of the town stands the little island of Deshima, now joined to the

mainland by bridges, and really part of the whole. Once it was the only European settlement in Japan, inhabited solely by the Dutch traders.

Our afternoon was spent in the mazes of the most delightful bazaar, where everything of the commonest—but not always of the cheapest—was sold. With difficulty we tore ourselves away to visit the Shinto temples, which necessitated a steep climb. Waving Japanese pines grew all the way up, and at the foot of the steps two ferocious-looking gods guard their holy of holies. No other idols are visible, and the temple is an ordinary tea-house-looking building; but we found three pilgrims who had come one hundred and fifty miles to worship there. From this height the view obtained was superb, looking across the blue waters of the bay, the white waves breaking on the harbour bar, to the precipitous island of Pappenberg, standing like a guardian spirit at the opening, whence the Christians were barbarously thrown in days gone by.

Five o'clock saw us steaming out in the freshest of breezes, and I must hurry the last words in my diary to-night, for the ship has given a terrific roll, another is coming, and I dread evil consequences! It is bitterly cold.



BOAT, INLAND SEA, JAPAN.

April 14, *Hiogo Hotel, Kobe.*—We have bidden farewell to the "Thibet" and Captain Mudie—the last we shall see of the P. & O. service during our voyage—and are sitting now in a comfortable room overlooking the harbour. A bright fire is burning in the grate, but outside the sky is grey, the wind cold. It feels so strange to be in a country of greatcoats and blankets again, after all the months of heat that we have experienced. It is a welcome change, however, and much better for us.

The scenery of the inland sea through which we passed yesterday, world famous and justly so, quite made up for any previous inconveniences on the voyage. "The captain's compliments, and we are nearing the Straits," was the substance of what the Chinese stewardess in her "pidgin" English poured into my ear at 5.30 yesterday morning. I was dreadfully sleepy; but I felt there was nothing for it but to scramble up, heap on some clothing, and rush on deck, where the sailors slopping about with the great hose, and the iciest of winds, nearly drove me back to my warm berth!

The sun was rising in a clear sky, shedding sharp golden rays over the still water. Right before us lay the very narrow passage, with richly cultivated mountains on either side, the

night-shadows fading from their peaks and disclosing to view the little grey town of Simoni-Saki, its fleet of fishing-boats at anchor, and a solitary steamer coaling on the opposite side. All day long our eyes feasted on the scenery, now green and radiant, then bare and rugged, with great red rocks rising from the water. Sometimes the channel was so narrow one could have thrown a biscuit ashore, and then again widening out till only the outline of the mountains in the softest haze was visible. Much of the land was covered with terraces of rice or barley, or ridges of dark pines on the higher slopes. Ever and anon a Japanese fishing-boat with great single festooned sail would float by, looking like a white swan on the surface of the water, and then one would catch sight of a tiny gabled village, the dwellings of these fishermen, almost lost among the trees. I tried to do some little sketches in Indian-ink. I dared not attempt the colouring; but the steamer passed so quickly, and nature's kaleidoscope was so varied, that I could get no good effects. The summit of one of the loveliest hills was a blaze of pink brighter than heather. It turned out to be peach-blossom, cultivated solely for its flowers: the Japanese have not the patience to wait for the fruit.

The first view of Kobe struck one unpleasantly, as bearing resemblance to an English watering-place, only at the back the ground rises to some height, which is not unpicturesque. The hotel is in the European quarter. The native town of Hiogo is some little way off. We took a short walk through the back streets, which appear broader than in Nagasaki, with an Indian-ink effect in the dark uneven roofs and blue dresses of the people. They all clatter about in high wooden sandals held on by toe-straps: their coats are thickly wadded, and some have light cotton kerchiefs twisted round their heads. The women, who dress their hair elaborately, wear bright red obis (sashes), and gay silk at their throat and in the lining of the sleeves, and many of the babies are wrapt in quaintly-stamped coloured robes. Looking down the street, these gleams of light have a lovely effect.

April 15, *Kobe.*—There appears to be little of interest to see here, for the Temple of the Moon would scarcely reward the steep climb to the top of the hill.

We went yesterday in two jin-rick-shas to the Nimo-Biki-no-Taki, or Cloth Stretch Falls. These little carriages are very smart in Kobe,

with scarlet cushions and lining, and the coolies in neat uniform. They bowled us along at a great pace past the temple of Skuta to the foot of the hill. A winding path, cherry-trees in full blossom on either side, and blue forget-me-nots nestling in the bank, brought us to a delightful tea-house overlooking the waterfall, which rushed down between two pine-grown hills. A Japanese lady brought us some cake and sweetmeats and a tiny cup of tea without milk or sugar, tasting much like bitter hot water.

We sat ourselves down among a lot of country people in a covered-in bridge that spanned the stream, with paper in the panes instead of glass, and listening to the splashing of the waters, looked out on the quaint scene around. It had a strange resemblance to the design on the screens one is so familiar with at home. Curious straight pines, and paths twisting up the mountain-side, with parties of men and women out for a walk, many carrying great branches of cherry-blossom and camellias, others dragging along their gaily dressed children, the sound of their voices mingling with the music of the cascade. Far away in the valley one obtained a glimpse of the sea and boats, and the grey and white roofed houses in

Kobe. It was one of those still gloomy days when the feel of the air is keen, with occasional flashes of brightness illuminating the sky—a day so common to our English autumns, and giving us memories of home.

Coming down, we found our "bettos," who had been refreshing themselves in a tea-house, quite ready to take us to Hiogo; so, crossing the railway bridge, where a crowd of people were waiting to see the train start for Osaka, we found ourselves in the native quarter, which is uninteresting, except for the now dried-up bed of a river raised above the level of the surrounding country, which is a common occurrence with rivers in Japan. This was once the scene of a great battle, when a famous Japanese statesman residing in Hiogo, named Masahye, and various other titles, according to history, was completely overwhelmed by the enemy's force, and performed Hara-kiri (disembowelling himself), to prevent falling into the hands of his assailants.

The shops are very poor, though we discovered a delightful store for embroideries, where the merchant was quite content to sit and smoke his pipe while we ransacked the place, the only drawback being that he could not under-

stand a word of English, and we had no interpreter.

Mr Robert M'Lagan, of the Mint at Osaka, has kindly invited us to stop a couple of days with him there, so we go up to-night.

April 17, *The Mint, Osaka.*—Such a glorious morning! everything is bathed in sunlight, with a cool breeze scattering the cherry-blossoms like snow-flakes on the ground, and rippling the blue waters of the Yodo-Gawa as they glide past.

I am writing in the balcony of Mr M'Lagan's house, and the landscape stretched out before me is very lovely. Far in the distance are the highlands of the interior wrapt in haze; below, a golden plain of rape stretches right to the grey houses on the border of the broad river, which bears on its bosom all sorts and shapes of boats, many with white sails spread, others mere punts, full of rice-sacks, or crowded with chattering blue-coated boatmen. A private road runs along by the water's edge, with trees covered with pink-and-white cherry-blossom, twining themselves into a glorious maze of flowers, and sheltering rows of red hanging Japanese lanterns, swinging to and fro: the effect was perfect. Pyrus japonica and camellias, mingling their crimson with the pink and bright greens

of various shrubs, have converted the tiny garden into a blaze of beauty.

Mr M'Lagan, and his colleague Mr Gowland, are engineers, the only two Europeans connected with the Mint, and consequently are allowed to live within the enclosure which contains the Works, the Treasury, Mr Endo's house (the Japanese superintendent of the Mint), and the reception villa, kept for grand occasions. It was here that an amusing garden-party, in celebration of the cherry-blossom season, was given yesterday afternoon.

This is a great time of gaiety for the Japanese; and just across the river I can now see crowds of people repairing to a row of wooden booths beside a group of Shinto temples buried in cryptomerias, where they intend to pass the day drinking *saki*[1] and in other jollifications.

We arrived from Kobe on Friday evening. It is scarce an hour's journey; and all along the line are scattered little farmsteads with rich-looking crofts, growing barley and rape and rice, and some producing two crops a-year. One could not help wishing for the power to transport a little of the good soil to our barren Highlands. It might, at least, bring forth some content in these hard times.

[1] An intoxicating liquor, distilled from rice.

There is a want of animal life in Japan. A cow or a sheep is never seen, and very seldom a horse; and though poultry and consequently fresh eggs abound, fresh milk is a rarity, cream is unknown, and butter is all imported.

The town of Osaka has been called the Venice of Japan. It is certainly intersected by many canals, spanned by bridges, and the river runs through the midst, but there the resemblance ceases. It is the second largest city in the country—far less European than Kobe, and consequently more attractive. From this balcony I can see the Castle and the chimneys of the Arsenal, and in the middle of the city are some famous Buddhist temples. The Japanese, like the Chinese, are mostly Buddhists, but a minority worship at the Shinto shrines. These are always to be recognised by the square archways or "torees" in front—some in grey stone, but there are many of bright red painted wood. Like Confucianism, those who profess the Shinto religion have no idols; but it is a sort of adoration of the spirits of their ancestors, and possesses none of the moral tenets of Buddhism.

To hear of the progress of Christianity in Japan is most encouraging. The naturally affectionate disposition of the people inclining towards it,

they find no difficulty in grasping the idea of the personality of Christ; and I am told that, as a rule, when converted they become most zealous and earnest. In Osaka alone, I believe there are nigh upon 2000 Christians, and the Church Missionary Society and American missionaries are doing good work. The Government also have come to acknowledge that it has made a great difference among the people; and one can only hope that by prayer and untiring efforts—for the evil walks apace with the good—in years to come Japan may be included in the Christian countries of the world.

The great idea now is progress, and they are tremendously open to European influence. Only three months ago, the Empress gave the order for all ladies to wear European dress. At the entertainment given by Mrs Endo yesterday, there was scarcely one in native attire. It is much to be regretted that such a change as this should come about, for even the prettiest women looked ugly in ill-made silk frocks and befeathered hats; the children, too, some with scarlet sashes and crimson stockings, looked awfully out of place, and their sufferings in tight French boots, after the broad wooden clogs of their infancy,

must be untold. The men also, being extremely short, look very funny in frock-coats, with rakish little billy-cocks stuck on one side of their head, and white kid gloves! The soldiers, in a mixture of French and German uniform, were passable; and the few women in native dress, of softest crape, in contrast to the others appeared lovely.

A ridiculous performance by a man who stalked about in a dragon's head, two jugglers and a boy with a flute, who played three notes without any variation, was the chief feature of the afternoon, which terminated in a cold banquet separately laid out for ladies and gentlemen, rather an amusing arrangement. The whole party was much spoilt, however, by the hideous garments and the lack of gay colours, which the bright lanterns and flags and sweet cherry-blossoms seemed so much to demand.

There are not many curio-shops in Osaka; but the things they have got are very old and good. The streets appear wonderfully clean, and the interior of the houses, when the barred shutters are pushed back, give the same impression; but I noticed many people with ophthalmia, and was told it was greatly the result of the unhealthy

way they live, and the bad sanitary arrangements, which give rise to a great deal of cholera and other diseases.

Mr M'Lagan is most kind, and his house is full of lovely curios, which he has picked up from time to time during his twenty years' residence in Japan.

Yesterday morning, accompanied by our host and Mr Endo, we went all over the Mint. The arrangements are much the same as I had seen in Melbourne, only here it is all silver and copper coinage instead of gold. We examined some cases of wonderful old coins, in designs far more artistic, if not so useful as those of the present day. The royal crest is very pretty—the chrysanthemum flower twined round with a leaf called the "kirri." The national flag is white, with a large red spot in the middle.

We have engaged a guide called Ito, a very smart young man in a tweed suit, stalking cap, and tennis-shoes, with a good deal of "side" on his English!

April 19, *Yaa-Mi's Hotel, Kioto.*—I am writing my diary under some difficulties this evening, as the room is littered with embroideries and curios, which three persuasive shopmen are tempting me

to buy,—a sheer impossibility, as I have only a few cents left in my purse, and S. is generously paying up for all the contents of the boxes literally heaped on the sofa. Kioto is full of enticement; but we have come to the conclusion that the new and cheap things are horrid, and one must pay fortunes for the old ones.

This has been a delightful day, quite a bright spot in our enjoyable travels. We started at 9.30 in jin-rick-shas for the Hodzu-Gawa rapids. Now, fourteen miles in three hours with a pony is one thing, and the same distance with a man in harness is another, and I must say our consciences pricked us a little when we arrived under that time at the tea-house on the banks of the river, which we were to make our starting-point. Without a murmur of complaint they rattled us along at a pace which *must* shorten their lives; first down the steep hill, and into the long winding streets of the town with a continual Ho ! hi ! to clear the way, past shops and booths and flower-stalls, and crowds of Japanese; over the bridge which crosses a now nearly dried-up stream, and then into the country beyond.

Fields of golden rape and barley emerald green, copses of slender bamboos, not unlike birches in

their early foliage, lay on either side. The villages were delightfully rural, the people in peasants' dress of blue cotton sipping tea and staring at us as we hurried by, and little bald-pated children, more venturesome, running after us waving branches of cherry-blossom. On, on till the road became a lane, and rutty, and the smell of manure strong! Perseveringly our men jolted us, however, till the plain was left behind, and we rose up among the hills, where every step became lovelier and every breath more exhilarating. On the banks bloomed sweet-scented violets and clover, azaleas were bursting into flower, far above the bright green of spring, mingled with the delicate petals on the cherry-trees. One moment fancy carried one to the south of Devonshire, the next a rushing burn or dark pine brought Scotland vividly to mind.

We passed another party of jin-rick-shas in a cloud of dust, rested for ten minutes at a wayside tea-house, and then on again through a high dark tunnel which traversed the whole hill, emerging into sunlight with a glorious vista of mountainous country opening out before us. The rest of the way was downhill. "Über Stock and über Stein" we flew on, and passing a narrow lane which led to an ideal village, we were brought up with a jerk,

and found ourselves on the shores of the Hodzu-Gawa, rushing swiftly by.

It did not take long to prepare the ugly flat-bottomed boats, heap in our conveyances, and start—not without some misgiving on my part. I had fancied we were to plunge through a Niagara, and was delighted to find a pleasant gliding motion as we swept down the rapids, notwithstanding great ugly stones that might have knocked us to pieces if we had run up against them. It was rather uncomfortable to see the pliant boards sway up and down at the bottom of the boat when the current was strong; still, everything seemed so safe, and the boatmen so plethoric, that I soon forgot my fears in admiring the lovely valley through which we were skimming.

The wildest northern scenery was mingled with the richest of southern vegetation, camellias and cryptomerias flourished side by side, a carpet of violets hid the roots of sturdy fruit-trees massed with flower, and graceful trees and shrubs grew in profusion. The weather was perfection, a cloudless sky and a gentle breeze, and a sun that made one almost think of the tropics again. It took us an hour to go down, and at the lower end

we found the river covered with pleasure-boats, full of families out for a holiday.

We landed at a tea-house, where crowds of people were eating, drinking, and chattering, and we had time for amusing observations. The upper storey was like a great covered-in balcony, with paper screens to form partitions. In each of the divisions a party of Japanese were squatting on the matting, bowls of rice and cups of tea before them, little pipes in their mouths. Their pipes, especially when of silver, are extremely pretty: they are slipped into cases, often of carved ivory, with a small pouch for tobacco hung on and fastened to their "obis." A young couple were next to us: their conversation appeared to be interesting, he was coaxing, the moosmie pretended to be very bashful—how I longed for a knowledge of Japanese! A lady with black polished teeth and shorn eyebrows waited assiduously on us at luncheon. We were accommodated with chairs, much to the astonishment of the other visitors, who were also evidently surprised at our mutton-chops and large appetites.

Outside, the scene was of the brightest: gentlemen in badly fitting slops; country fellows in long coats over their bare legs, and straw sandals,

with blue kerchiefs fastened round their shock heads; grave-faced respectable citizens, with goggles and large umbrellas, pattering along on their wooden clogs; mothers of a family, with babies hanging to their necks and tiny children toddling after them; toothless hags, apparently enjoying themselves intensely; and painted dancing-girls in bright red crape, shining like butterflies in the motley throng, and joining their shrill trebles to the babel of voices. On one side rose the flowery hill of Arashi-Yama; on the other sped the flowing river, studded with boats; beyond, the distant hills round Kioto.

Our men accomplished the seven miles home in less than an hour, and brought to a close an expedition of real enjoyment.

April 21, *Kioto.*—Our last day in Kioto. How gladly I would spend another fortnight in this charming spot! We have been so busy the last three days in seeing all we could, and not half of what there is to be seen, that I find it difficult to disentangle, at present, the visions of the lakes and the temples, the mountains and the shops, and only know that it has been a time fraught with pleasure, unmarred by rain or cold.

The scenery of Lake Biwa is nearly as lovely as that of the rapids; its blue waters stretch out for

over thirty-seven miles, an area about equal to that of Lake Geneva, with numberless villages on cultivated lands below the sheltering hills skirting its shores. The lake was covered with fishing-boats and bamboo-nets, and little steamers plying to and fro. Delicious salmon and trout are caught here; and as we have had no other kind of fish for breakfast, luncheon, or dinner, we can testify to their excellence.

We rested in a delightful tea-house in Otzu, and looked, for the first time this year, on patches of snow which crowned the highest peaks.

The temple of Ishi-Yama, on the top of a great wooded hill, was worth the three-quarters of an hour on a steam-launch. At the entrance to the temple, two huge idols stand covered with dirty paper pellets: it is a disgusting custom which the people have of chewing up little pieces of paper with prayers written on them and spitting them at their gods, and as they stick or not, so they believe their prayers are answered!

A stiff climb up steep stone steps, through a delightful garden with black marble boulders of fantastic form lying about among the red maples, brought us to the summit. Below us, pink and green and red mingled indescribably together to the

blue water's edge. In middle distance, a tongue of land ran out to the old bridge which crossed the river, grey and golden with villages and rape-fields; one's eyes rested admiringly on the charming effect, till they wandered off to the wide expanse of lake beyond and the hazy hills.

I attempted to do a little sketch surrounded by a crowd of Japanese, who, in their eagerness to watch my efforts, hedged me in so closely that the view was completely lost, and it was with some difficulty that Ito persuaded them of their opaqueness. It required an artist's hand, however, to gain that marvellous blending of colours which strikes one most of all in a Japanese landscape.

We reached home just as the sun was setting, and from our balcony watched it until the shadows of night crept up over the flaming sky, and, enveloping in gloom the beautiful mountains, spread over the valley below. When night fell, lights came out like twinkling stars, and a blaze of red lanterns and burning braziers among booths and flowering trees, in the fair which is going on just under the garden.

The Buddhist temples of Japan are certainly the finest buildings of the kind we have seen. In Burmah they are bright and striking, in



STREET IN KIOTO, JAPAN.

China they are curious; but here they are, as a rule, very old, and there is an air of dignity in the dark sloping roofs, in the massive steps that lead up to them, and the cryptomerias among which they are buried. Nishi-Hon-Gwan-ji, in the city, is divided into many audience-rooms, and the paintings on gold and the carvings on the screens are most artistic. Close by, the Chi-on-tu temple is remarkable for the huge bell, about seventy tons weight, hanging in it. It is struck by a great beam which brings forth a melodious boom, heard for a great distance; but they are rather too fond of sounding it at four o'clock in the morning!

When we came into our rooms last evening we found a notice begging us to lock our doors and windows at night, for fear of thieves—not a very pleasant announcement! but a few days ago a lady had many things stolen by some one who climbed in from outside and cut open the paper partition. Nothing is easier in these flimsily built houses, which feel as if they would blow over at any minute; and under their smiling, good-natured exterior, I am afraid the "Japs" carry many of the vices of mankind!

April 22, *Osaka*.—We have been photographed

with our jin-rick-shas, much to the delight of our coolies, who were quite distressed that it took so short a time.

We had some difficulty in obtaining a pass for the palace in Kioto, and the visit was not very interesting. The former palace was burned down, and the present buildings are only about forty years old. There is but little furniture, and the paintings are not the highest examples of Japanese art; but everything is extremely neat, from the soft clean matting which covers the floor to the smooth panellings on the walls, made of native wood called shinoki.

Kioto is an essentially Japanese place, and one cannot help liking the good-natured, polite people. It is quite an amusing sight to watch a *rencontre* in the streets: they bend nearly to the ground, and men are quite as polite to each other as to the ladies, and even to little children. Whenever they are at a loss for something to say, they make it up with a bow! I am sorry to notice that contact with foreigners has taken away much of their courtesy; and our guide, who has no doubt seen several specimens of the English, American, and Australian nations, which he feels bound to imitate, thinks nothing of

sitting down with us, a cigarette in his mouth, his hands in his pockets, with a swagger which he—poor boy!—imagines thoroughly European.

Alas! the cherry-blossoms are all disappearing. Since we have been away the blooms have fallen, and until the wistarias and azaleas come into flower, this little garden will look quite deserted. The Japanese are great lovers of nature, and these gardens, which they lay out something like our rockeries, are peculiarly fascinating. They will sometimes pay hundreds of yens for a great stone covered with moss, which they wish to place in some particular corner, and will get at any price from the hills. There are usually a number of dwarf trees scattered about, and a streamlet spanned by a miniature bridge running through.

The climate is certainly changeable, for to-day is grey and cold, and a fire is quite necessary.

April 24, *Grand Hotel, Yokohama.*—We arrived in the "Yamashiro Maru" this afternoon. We had a perfectly smooth passage, but the cold was intense; and although we made an effort to remain on deck to admire the lovely coast-line, we were forced to retire to the saloon, and even there to shiver. Our ship was not allowed, under contract, to get into port before 5 P.M., though she could

easily have been at anchor at 2; and it was rather annoying to slow down within half a mile of land, and only as the clock struck the hour to reach her berth.

We had a number of Japanese gentlemen on board, including a dapper little officer in black and yellow, who strode about in full regimentals all day. They have curiously conglomerated the French and German uniforms, in consequence of having had both as naval and military instructors. The head of the Arsenal in Osaka at present is a German.

The pigmy size of the Japanese strikes one very much, especially among soldiers. We met a detachment of artillery. the other day near the Castle of Osaka, tiny men, with tiny guns drawn by tiny ponies, reminding one of a toy army in a child's play-box. They are not smart in their turn-out either; but I hear in Tokio, where all is under supervision of the Court, they are in much better order.

I had a most interesting time, the last afternoon in Osaka, with Mr Pole, of the C.M.S., who took me to the boys' and girls' schools, English and American; and also to where the ladies of high rank were learning English, sew-

ing, and etiquette, the latter being certainly necessary if they are to take to European dress, with all the paraphernalia of customs and furniture appertaining to it, which will bring about a complete social revolution in this simple country. The teachers are the European wives and daughters of the missionaries, with native instructors under them. This is all a gradual but strong leaning towards Christianity; and the Young Men's Christian Association's hall, holding 1200, which Mr Pole showed me, built, with the exception of a donation from the head branch in London, solely by the Japanese themselves, is proof, indeed, of the encouraging work which God is so blessing in this country.

Fifteen years ago there was not one baptised Christian in Osaka, now there are many—over a thousand; and monthly, and even weekly, the heathen are being brought in.

We paid a visit to the Castle, where there is little to see beyond the great double walls and moats, some of the blocks of stone in the former being most enormous. During the time of the civil war in Japan, many of the olden buildings were burnt, and the topmost three-storeyed tower amongst others.

In the Kobe Club were some fairly recent American papers, but they contained scarcely any English news. On arriving here, however, we found a budget of letters and papers, forwarded from various places.

This seems a good hotel, situated on the Bund, in the middle of the foreign settlement, which is full of newly built residences, especially on the Bluff, a verdant hill which rises to the right. Lately the Government have made large concessions to Europeans.

Approaching Yokohama, a few hours before reaching the Kanagawa Bay the scenery is magnificent. We were not fortunate in seeing the renowned Fuji-Yama, the clouds hiding the great mountain from our view, and only for a few minutes revealing its snow-peak. On our right we passed the volcanic island of O-Shima rising up out of the sea, and spouting great volumes of smoke. There are several active volcanoes in Japan, and many dormant and extinct.

I never felt anything like the cold at sea. We only felt warm when we could indulge in claret and boiling water; as for the tea and coffee, they were too horrible for words, as they always are on board ship—so nasty that it re-

minded me of a story I had read of a man on a sea voyage, who, exasperated beyond measure one morning, bawled out to the steward, "Boy! if this is tea, why, bring me coffee; but if coffee, for goodness' sake bring me tea!"

April 25, *Yokohama.*—What with changing cheques, engaging a guide, and the invariable shopping, the morning passed very quickly; and it was as much as we could do after a hasty luncheon to catch the 1.30 train for Tokio. The line in this part of Japan has been opened a long time, and seems well managed; the carriages are clean and comfortable, built in the American style, doors at either end, and the seats sideways. The ticket-collector bows to the ground when he asks for your ticket; and the porters are very different to the "by your leave" toe-crushing individuals who parade our station platforms.

It was a very wild afternoon. From time to time great dashes of rain came down from the leaden clouds, which looked blackest out to sea. The hills were quite hidden from view, and the sky on the horizon was lighted up by lurid gleams of yellow and orange.

Against an icy wind our jin-rick-sha men dragged us up to the British Legation, where we applied for

passports from the Vice-Consul, Mr Longford, and left our cards on Sir Francis Plunkett, who has since asked us to dine and sleep to-morrow night. The Embassy seems nicely situated, not far from the Castle, which is surrounded by a huge moat, enclosing also the Palace and Imperial Gardens. It was too cold to notice much beyond the fine broad streets, their size and apparent cleanliness, the tramways, the imposing public buildings, and, above all, the great European element in Tokio and its inhabitants. The shops are already full of foreign things, foreign carriages drive about the place, and foreign dress predominates among those of higher rank. As we passed the barracks, once the dwellings of the daimios or nobles of the land, we met some really smart cavalry officers, showing signs of good training and good discipline.

Yokohama itself gives one no idea of Japan proper: it is too strongly tainted by the large proportion of English, French, and American merchants who dwell there.

Our time is so limited, I fear we shall be obliged to give up a visit to Myonoshta, which we much regret, as from there the best view is obtained of the famous Fuji.

Lord Shaftesbury and Mr Toynbee arrived from Kioto to-night. They came overland across the Naka-sendo.

Telegrams report to-day the news of the wreckage of the "Tasmania," one of the finest of the P. & O. ships, in the Straits of Bonifacio, bound for Marseilles. Though all the passengers were saved, the captain, fifth officer, and twenty Lascars were drowned—a sad calamity.

April 27.—Lord Shaftesbury and Mr Toynbee breakfasted with us yesterday in Yokohama, and told us of their journey across country. It cannot have been very agreeable, notwithstanding the beautiful scenery. The accommodation in the tea-houses was very poor, and they were nearly always obliged to sleep on the floor, and content themselves with an occasional omelette and the tinned provisions they took with them. This is always the case when travelling inland in Japan, and fairly amusing when the cold is not too great, for, as the tea-houses have paper for window-glass, the draughts are dreadful. They were unfortunately caught in several snowstorms, which caused them to hurry on to a comfortable house and a fire. The Japanese never warm their dwellings except with small charcoal-burners called hibachi, which

give forth suffocating fumes and scarcely any heat. In deep winter they sometimes carry little warming-pans inside their padded coats, or tucked into the quilts which form their bed.

The streets of the towns are all very much alike; the quaint grey houses being built so regularly that one can often see to the end of a street, even if it is a mile or so long.

Tokio, in a minor degree to Osaka, has many canals, spanned by strong masonry bridges, and the whole city lies along the shores of a muddy bay, with three or four forts at the mouth. In the outskirts there are charming miniature gardens and tea-houses; beautiful peonies of all colours, and purple wistaria are rapidly replacing the fading cherry blossoms. The people seem always to be keeping holiday, for crowds come daily to these pleasure resorts, fly kites, and otherwise enjoy themselves. They are a race of merry children, and are as easily pleased.

We noticed waving from many houses great paper fish, which, inflated by the wind, looked wonderfully natural. We are told that these are put up whenever a son is born to a family, and, judging from the number, these boy-babies must abound!

We are unfortunate in our guide, named Moto. He is very stupid, and belongs to the lowest class. We were wickedly anxious he should get drunk yesterday, but he didn't; and having no tangible excuse to get rid of him, we shall be obliged to bear with the fellow.

We visited the Ueno temples and tombs of the Shoguns; but as we were told to take off our boots and put on slippers, we lazily refused to go inside, even at the earnest solicitations of a Buddhist priest, whose motives, I fear, were mercenary. These priests dress chiefly in black silk robes over white, with an embroidered band falling from the shoulders down the front, and their heads are closely shaven. They have an air of dignity, like the temples in which they officiate.

We had no time to see the public buildings, Museum, and Imperial Gardens, and were only able to spend a short hour in the Industrial Exhibition. Here some really magnificent specimens of Japanese art are on view; lacquer, raised gold and silver on bronze and iron, carved ivory, wood, and bamboo, kakemonos, screens, &c., beside a good many pictures in oil and water-colour by native artists, painted in the modern style, and showing some genius, though rather too like the

French mediocre school, especially in the landscape effects.

The greatest crowd had gathered round a case of European dresses, and seemed intensely interested in the hideous things. When I looked at the graceful clinging robes on the little ladies, so suited to their size and faces, and then on what they will all be wearing in a few years, I did feel sorry both for them and for all of an artistic turn of mind; perhaps, but I somewhat doubt it, it is the unavoidable consequence of progressive civilisation. If so, I must defiantly cry, Barbarity for ever!—but I do not believe that it is essential to good manners, and, above all, to the work of Christianity, that a nation should adopt a dress which even we, excepting those wise persons who use their own judgment and tastes and defy opinion, must decry as hideous, though fashion has blindly educated us up to it.

Lady Plunkett received us at the British Legation with her two daughters, and in the evening there was a big dinner-party as a farewell to Mr and Mrs Larcom, the second secretary and his wife, who are going home immediately. I am very glad they are to be our fellow-passengers on the "Gaelic."

I went to bed—oh, such a comfortable bed!—



UTSU-NO-MIYA, JAPAN

with the knowledge that at four o'clock I must get up to catch the train for Utsu-no-Miya, and my dreams were dreadfully disturbed in consequence; but we were very pleased with ourselves when, in the dawn of a glorious day, we started.

At the end of a three and a half hours' railway journey, the remaining five hours' trip to Nikko had to be performed in jin-rick-shas; and blessing the bright sunshine, that looked as if it would be with us for the twenty miles, we left Utsu-no-Miya. The jin-rick-sha men are beginning to discard their winter clothes, and take rather startlingly to the opposite extreme! However, in this condition it must be easier to run, so it is excusable.

We soon got out of the rambling village and into a very good road, and here began the wonderful avenue of cryptomerias, which extends with a few breaks the whole way to Nikko. They are a grand sight, these great gloomy trees, some quite 200 feet in height, throwing their dark shadows across the road, and growing often two and three deep. Under their huge branches there is a dungeon-like feeling, as if the sun had never penetrated, and the cold stream of air had passed to and fro for centuries. Hundreds of years ago, a few of these trees were planted, and have gone

on increasing to their now splendid profusion and height.

We passed through prosperous villages, with gardens and banks a mass of violets and japonica, and often a picturesque burn and an old water-wheel would, mingled with the children's voices, give sound to the still landscape. An old grey toree of some Shinto shrine by the roadside attracted our attention now and then, or a band of pilgrims passing the same with great sun-hats and blue kerchiefs, staff in hand, wending their way from temple to temple. Occasionally a drove of pack-horses, or a copse of young green and white and yellow blossoms, a bright tea-house with a smiling lady endeavouring to tempt us in, a straw-roofed hut with round-eyed children playing in front, a party of jin-rick-shas crossing our path in a cloud of dust, or a sweet-singing lark far up in the sky, served to make the long day short, and drive away all our sleepiness. The sun was kind to us also, and warmed the keen air so much that we could scarcely believe we were nearly 2000 feet above the level of the sea.

As we approached our destination, the scenery became very grand. Great mountains of the Nikkozan range, snow-peaked and barren, rose on all

sides; wooded hillocks, bright with flowers, hedged us in; and as we trotted up the single steep street of the village, everything of nature's loveliest surrounded us.

This is the first thoroughly Japanese hotel we have been in. We *are* allowed chairs to sit on; but the walls are wood, the floor is matting, paper instead of glass forms the windows, and the doors are the flimsiest possible in such a flimsy house, that at any moment feels like collapsing. They dragged in a wooden bedstead, which they piled with soft wadded quilts; but I must go and prove if there is anything else besides their softness forthcoming to disturb my sleep! Outside, a mountain river is rushing and tumbling over great boulders down to the valley, with a musical roar.

April 28, *Nikko.*—Nikko means "sunny splendour," and certainly we found it so. A day of glorious sunshine, making the whole place look beautiful, has fallen to our lot; and when we started for the temples this morning, I felt the brightness very infectious, for my heart beat in unison with the rushing river, the song of the birds, and the dancing sunbeams.

The temples of Nikko, the finest and most remarkable in Japan, are of a rich red colour, with

heavy sloping roofs and intricate carving on the eaves and walls. Buried amid huge cryptomerias on the side of the hill, and with old stone steps leading up to them, their situation is simply perfect. Little gardens lie around, with clear springs rushing over moss-grown stones, and weeping cherry-trees, looking like suspended showers of pink sugar-plums, shading the tiny lawns and playing fountains.

Shinto shrines are built side by side with the temples of Buddhism; and on the Mangwanji and Futa-are the decoration is simply marvellous. Within the Futa-are temple are three great gilt Buddhas springing out of lotus-flowers, looking very grand in the subdued light, but really hideous monsters! The priest was not impervious to a "tip," and we were admitted behind a curtain to a sort of back room, with wonderful lacquered doors and paintings, with a great deal of gilt about them, but not in the least gaudy, for time has laid its mellowing hand on everything.

A five-storeyed pagoda rises on the left, and a small temple below the Mangwanji shrine attracted our attention on account of the carvings of monkeys on it. Three of these were very cleverly executed, one with a paw to its eyes, another with

a paw to its mouth, and the third with a paw to its ear, illustrative of the Buddhist doctrines, which hold that to reach perfection a man's existence should be as *nil* as possible. One must not see, for fear of gazing on sinful things; one must be deaf, for fear of evil sounds; one must be dumb, for fear of uttering a lie; one must not think, &c. —a very difficult condition to arrive at!

At Nikko are two of the Shoguns' tombs, Iye-Yasu's and Iye-Mitsu's, up 200 steps, with a breeze whispering through the trees around them, as if their spirits were still hovering about the lovely spot. We stopped for a while beside their peaceful resting-place, and thought of the old times when their power was in its zenith, and then of the rapid changes in Japan of the present day. A hundred years ago the Mikado was a mere nonentity, shut up within his palace from the gaze of the outer world, much as the Emperor of China is at present —a tool in the hands of the Shogun, his minister, at first a kind of *maire du palais;* but as each succeeding one usurped more power, they became virtually the rulers of the country. Japan was then divided into feudal territories belonging to the daimios or nobles, and under them again were their retainers, the samaurai, or two-sworded men, who

fought their battles and swore eternal fealty to their lords, not unlike the old clan system in Scotland. As the years passed on, however, as abuses grew, the power of the Shoguns became more arbitrary, European influence gradually crept in, and the Mikado's party in his capital at Kioto began to get uneasy; and when at last matters got so far that the Chinese word Tycoon, meaning Emperor, came to be applied to the Shogun, the smouldering fire burst into open flame.

In 1868 a civil war broke out, and fierce was the tussle between the opposing parties. The Mikado's troops marched on Yeddo, the Shogun's capital: a fight ensued, in which they were successful; the rebels were fairly routed, and the same year saw the Mikado firmly established in Yeddo, now called Tokio, which has ever since been his capital. The Shoguns were abolished, and the daimios for a fixed sum of money were obliged to give up their territories, and many of them have now by force of circumstances become guides and jin-rick-sha men, a come-down in the social scale which they accept with great resignation.

Ever since, Japan and civilisation have been progressing rapidly hand in hand. European customs, manufactures, training institutions, education,

and dress, are in full swing. The present Mikado, a man of little energy and intellect, is guided by two very able ministers, Count Ito and Count Inouye (since resigned), and another fifty years may see this country among the first of the world. It is true that the power of the Government is somewhat despotic; but at present the people are firm in their allegiance, and seem to take it as a matter of course; we will hope that socialism will not creep in, notwithstanding their go-ahead policy.

All the morning we loitered among these lovely buildings, and came home across the Daiya-Gawa, spanned by a picturesque red bridge, carefully closed, for no foot but the Mikado's is allowed upon its sacred timbers. But for the presence of snow upon the mountains and the budding trees, one could have fancied it midsummer.

We came in for an amusing incident with a tipsy native gentleman, who had apparently had too much saki at a neighbouring tea-house. He entered into a lively conversation in Japanese with us, but of course obtained no reply. As he rolled off along the path brandishing his umbrella, some fir cones, which we were pitching over the bank, unluckily hit him on the hat. Furiously he returned, showering abusive epithets—at least so I

imagined from his expression—on our unfortunate heads, and making violent passes with his gingham, as if it had been a sword. It was apparent he wished to run us through. We coolly sat down, however, and invited him to "come on." For five minutes he glared at us; but as he was very drunk indeed, his wrath gradually evaporated, and soon his natural politeness reasserted itself, a vapid smile illuminating his countenance. We solemnly exchanged low bows, which nearly upset his equilibrium, and so we departed victors. I wonder if he is there still, poor fellow! Drunkenness, alas! is no rarity in Japan.

May 1, *Yokohama.*—We had a long and tiring expedition from Nikko to Lake Chusenjii, high up among the snow-clad hills, passing through a pretty woodland country, the people at work in the fields, the children playing in the village streets. Our sedan-chairs were so uncomfortable, and the kango — a kind of hammock slung on bamboo poles—being even worse, we walked the greater part of the way.

The ascent, through a magnificent gorge, down which a mountain torrent was rushing over black volcanic-looking stone, was very steep, which gave the men an excuse to stop oftener than we liked at

the tempting little refreshment booths on the way up. The lake itself, 4000 feet above the level of the sea, is very like a Scotch loch, and two months later, clad in summer verdure, must be very lovely; but at present everything is bare and leafless, the snow lying close to the water's edge, and the effect is disappointing.

After luncheon we went a little way in a boat which ran aground, so an old Japanese waded ashore with us on his back, through the shallow water.

On our return journey we met several companies of pilgrims, and in the fields men were farming, with great straw capes and basin-like hats, for it looked like rain, and the natives protect themselves from the wet in this way, thus resembling walking hay-stacks. The next morning the threatened rain did come down, and our journey back to Yokohama was made in very stormy weather, so our regret at leaving the paper and wood tea-house at Nikko was somewhat diminished.

This is a real May day, with sea and sky sapphire blue. Our stay in this delightful country is drawing to a close—how the time flies!

May 4, *Yokohama.*—Notwithstanding a cold in my head, generally so deterrent to all enjoyment, we determined to make one more expedition, our

last chance of seeing anything further of the beauties of the land of the Rising Sun.

Engaging two jin-rick-shas, at eight o'clock A.M. we started minus a guide — we had had quite enough of Moto—for the Daibutz at Kamakura and the island of Ynoshima.

Skirting the canal we passed through the native portion of Yokohama—to the fullest extent uninteresting—and soon found ourselves in a very rutty lane which passed for many miles through a flat agricultural country, and little hamlets where the inhabitants seemed chiefly to be employing themselves in working the useful bamboo into baskets, hats, sandals, &c. They looked up as we passed with a smiling "Ohio" (good morning). The road was so rough that we had to pass very slowly up and down the hills, bordered by high banks, just bursting into life. On all sides the not unmusical croaking of frogs was heard, swarming in the flooded rice-plots, where, up to their knees in mud and horrible manure, both men and women were stolidly at work.

From time to time the sun would peep out, glorifying everything, and making one long for a glimpse of the Hakone mountains and the peerless Fuji, alas! hopelessly enveloped in cloud.

Only once from the Bluff last Sunday did we behold it clearly—a glistening cone of pure white snow piercing the azure sky, in shape remarkably perfect, rising from almost low ground—with no hill approaching it in size—and looking even higher than it is, over 12,000 feet. I do not wonder that the Japanese—ay, and even resident foreigners—are so proud of it.

Our jin-rick-sha men were very communicative, and when their English failed them, would draw maps on the ground to show us the route. From some high point we now and then got a glimpse of the sea breaking on the shore, dotted with little wooded islands, and then the road would wind again down into the valley, shutting out from our view everything but the green banks,—the great dusky butterflies hovering over a mass of red or white azaleas or drooping wistaria, which twines its purple blossom over every cottage and in every hedgerow.

The drawbacks of the Japanese country are the disagreeable smells that greet one at every turn, for in the towns there is no system of drainage, and all refuse is carried out in open baskets to the fields.

The village of Kanasawa is situated in a pictur-

esque inland bay; but we might have come to an untimely end there, for at a good pace we were passing on to a bridge which crosses a rushing river, when loud cries in the nick of time warned us that it was unsafe, and we had to walk warily over it.

We always stoutly refused to take off our boots at the tea-houses—a terrible breach of etiquette! At Kamakura, however, the landlord was very obstinate, and we had to come to a compromise by putting on enormous slippers over them. People seem always afraid that we should spoil their matting. I hope they will soon get used to foreign shoeing, for the present custom is very inconvenient.

The Daibutz is a huge image of Buddha, forty-nine feet in height. From their ejaculations he was apparently an object of great admiration and veneration to some pilgrims sitting on his thumb! To us the huge cast-iron idol, with its sleepy expression of countenance, was most unprepossessing. I am afraid we preferred our luncheon to climbing up inside to hear the echo of our voices, as nearly every one does. As for the temple dedicated to Hachiman—the Japanese God of War—we horrified our four coolies by refusing to visit it

at all, as our time was limited. They were unwilling to take us on to Ynoshima; but a dollar for their chow, and the remains of our bottle of claret, with which they no doubt made merry in the evening, decided them.

Ynoshima is a tiny island, with a village nestling at the foot. We walked to it along a narrow strip of shore, where the fishermen were busy drying their nets, and sorting their fish, which are so plentiful on this coast; and after crossing a few yards of water in a boat, we came to the steep irregular paved street, full of tea-houses and vendors of marine curiosities. We wandered about the winding paths in the wood till the sun, which had been shining for an hour, disappeared. An icy wind blew clouds of dust about, and a lowering sky, betokening storm, induced us to commence our return drive, which was to take three and a half hours, along the Tokaido (the main road through Japan), past the villages of Fujisawa and Totska, and across the new railway, on the verge of completion, which is to connect Tokio, *viâ* Kioto and Osaka, with Kobe.

Wrapped to the eyes in a fur-coat, I was nevertheless very observant of all we were passing for the last time. The thickly thatched roofs of the

cottages, with a plot of purple irises planted on the top, beneath whose jutting eaves the dwellers were brewing saki, weaving cloth, or plaiting straw, careless of the neglected-looking babies, tied to children scarcely bigger than themselves, whose poor little backs must have ached with the load; tea-houses, with curious signs of all patterns and sizes, the slatternly-looking waiting-maids running out to offer us the unwholesome green tea in tiny cups; boys, and even young men, lost in the excitement of flying kites—the favourite amusement of Japan; old men squatting on their heels on the matting, deep in a game of chess; or half-naked field-labourers and jin-rick-sha men warming themselves by the charcoal brasiers, and seeming to be hugely amused, judging by their laughter and loud jests. All of interest I noticed as we rattled by, and wondered at the progressive civilisation and semi-barbarity so close together.

As we neared Yokohama the threatening clouds burst into a fearful storm, and rain came down in torrents; the hoods and oilcloth aprons could scarcely keep us dry, and our poor men, in cotton coats, with bare legs, were drenched, but they only laughed good-naturedly, and rushed bravely on. Soon the streets were a pond; with nothing but

round yellow umbrellas, naked legs, and clogged feet flying in all directions, and we were very thankful when we reached the Grand Hotel at last. The consequence is, I am obliged to spend our last day in Japan in the house, brooding over the intense cold, and the possibility of sea-sickness during the next sixteen days.

May 5, *s.s.* "*Gaelic.*"—"Sayo-nara, sayo-nara!" This musical Japanese good-bye, which we have heard at every tea-house and polite curio-dealer's since we have been in the country, still rings in my ears as I stand gazing for the last time, with a sad heart, at the fast-receding shores of the land we are leaving behind us. The sun has broken the gloom overhead, but dark clouds hang across the horizon, and Fuji-Yama, as usual, is invisible. Soon the little villages become indistinct, and the faint blue coast-line in turn will disappear, for this great ship is bearing us out to the open ocean and the New World.

Our time in Japan has been all too short. It is the one country which in the highest degree has fulfilled our expectations. As it was the best time of year for travelling, Japan we have certainly seen to a degree, but scarcely anything of its people. We have gained no insight into

their private life and customs, except through books; we have been to no entertainments or plays, and not even to a wrestling-match, a disgusting spectacle no doubt, but what the "globe-trotter" ought to see; so all this remains unmentioned in my diary, a matter of great regret. We have, however, been recompensed by the glorious scenery, a combination of pasture and woodland, hills, river, and sea which cannot be overrated. An obvious defect, however, is the want of atmospherical effects towards sunset: no soft fleeting shadows reflect themselves on the hillside, and the red tinge of the heather deepening into purple and black under the evening sky is in this country unknown. I have read that in Scotland and Ceylon alone—I know not that it is true—the full glory of the declining sun is displayed.

In this great ship we are steaming swiftly away from the Old World, with its tropical skies, waving palms, and ancient buildings; from the pagodas, the gongs, and the gay crowds, the stifling heat and the rainless days; from the smells and the pigtails, the junks and the sampans; and lastly, from the cool breezes, verdant hills, and charming people, and all the beauties of floral nature.

Fifteen days with never a sight of land is to

be our lot. Will it be cold? will it be rough? the Fates decide. Every available berth is occupied, and 1200 Chinamen crowd the lower deck, a study in themselves; but to watch them eating, gambling, and smoking opium, is to wonder that such beings exist who call themselves men—ay, and with souls to be saved—and who live verily like animals.

This ship is very light—too light for comfort, if it comes on to blow. Our cargo is the first tea of the season, so she will be bound to make a run of it. May she carry us safely to the New World and homewards!

May 11, *s.s.* "*Gaelic*," *Pacific Ocean.*—Eight days at sea, with never a sight of land or sail, and the prospect of ten days more. First a head-wind, and we pitched; next a side-wind, and we rolled; and now a fair wind, and we are steaming and sailing along on the broad blue ocean, making an average run of 300 knots through shoals of floating nautilus—"Portuguese men-of-war," as the sailors call them—and there is scarcely ripple enough to cause any one to feel sea-sick.

To-day we are crossing the 180th meridian, and what is an extremely puzzling fact, we are having two Wednesdays, two 11ths of May. We are meet-

ing the sun, the captain says, and must square matters by putting on a day as we go east, or taking it off as we go west. It is rather annoying, very confusing, and, I am afraid, the only time I shall be given twenty-four hours over again, for better for worse, during my life.

Our passengers are peaceable, which is a great thing; the men shut themselves up to whist and cigars in the smoking-room. Nobody proposes concerts, for the piano is too much out of tune; no one talks of dancing, for we are a staid company; so the ladies paint and write in solemn seclusion, and occasionally talk scandal after dinner. Conversation hangs heavy at meals, over "pork and beans, green turtle, well-pudding, and hard sauce," and we are beginning to gaze at each other in stony silence, with an occasional feeble laugh at a stale joke. Such is life on board the "Gaelic"! We have been on ten steamers now, and the novelty has worn off. A violinist, a nightingale with golden hair and somewhat doubtful connections, a bass, an artist, several whist-players, and plenty of loungers, are among our *compagnons de voyage;* so we ought to be content!

I don't know that I mentioned the division of time at sea. At midnight, 8 A.M., noon, and 4 P.M.,

eight bells are struck, and from one to eight bells is a watch. From 4 to 8 P.M. time is divided into halves; thus, four bells are struck at six and again at eight, and called the "dog-watch." A lady who likes a romantic reason for everything asked if there was not some sentiment connected with this arrangement, which really is done to vary the time for the officers and crew to come on duty. "Not that I know of," replied the captain, gruffly. "I suppose they are named dog-watches because they are cur-tailed!" You can fancy how low we must have fallen, for we actually roared with laughter. Heyday for our intellects!

May 21, "*Gaelic*," *San Francisco.* — In quarantine! I wonder if any one who has heard the fatal verdict felt as we did this morning, after being seventeen days at sea, when the murmur went round, "Two cases of smallpox on board;" and we saw the great yellow flag flying at the mast-head. "Our hearts sank low with bitter woe," and any one would have sympathised with the blank faces that gathered round the breakfast-table. It was very different over night; then we were so excited we could scarcely sit still, much less sleep. We talked of our plans, our letters, everything that could make us think with pleasure of America.

Captain Pearne's farewell speech was especially touching! Mr Thomas, our negro chief steward, who is quite a character, had sugared the cakes and decorated the pudding to the fullest extent, and our thoughts were all full of to-morrow, and now . . .!!

We steamed in at the "Golden Gate" in the brightest of sunshine; but, alas! after being boarded by the medical officer, we were sent past the inviting harbour on to Mission Bay, where we shall stop at the pleasure of the Board of Health, who may detain us for hours or for days. I suppose, with 1200 Chinamen on board, it is not to be wondered at. Poor fellows! how I hope the epidemic won't spread among them!

We have been shouting orders about our letters to the various steam-tugs surrounding us, and can only live in hope that they will be sent off. I fear we are all dreadfully sulky, and getting heartily tired of each other.

May 24, *Palace Hotel, San Francisco.*—

> "Pretty black-eyed Susan,
> Don't ye cry for me,
> I am going to Californy,
> To get some gold for thee,"—

rose naturally to my mind, as we rattled along the

prosperous-looking ill-paved streets that lead from the dock to this huge hotel.

'Frisco is not a flat city. The blocks of houses are built up and down, and close together, all over the rising ground, and we might have condescended to call it picturesque, had we not been gazing at it in fixed despair from the deck of the "Gaelic" for the last three days. The Board of Health was kind to us, and as no further cases broke out among the Chinese, we were allowed off, oh, with what joy! and very hearty were the cheers we gave the captain, the officers, and the good old ship, as we steamed away to land.

I do not know what we should have done in that dreary time had it not been for the kindness of Mr T. Mackay, who brought us newspapers, and all our letters, flowers, and strawberries, to gladden our sinking hearts. He is a most polite and cute American; and though it is true that he acts in the interests of his company, and was eager to get all the passengers to cross the Continent by the Burlington route, judging by the number of circulars that were showered about the deck and cabins—still we were all very grateful to him, for he made everything most pleasant, without expecting any personal remuneration. The custom

officers are terribly strict in America, and search bags and portmanteaus thoroughly; almost everything also is dutiable.

This huge barrack of five storeys, where we are staying, is something like the Paris hotels. An idea can be gained of its size by knowing that our room is No. 840. The Larcoms dined with us at *table d'hôte* last night, and we had plenty of time for observation, as the coloured waiters, who are great swells, refuse to be hurried, and swagger tremendously. One of these gentlemen apparently thought us very "green," for each dish we refused, he informed us, was "really the right thing to eat," and insisted on our consuming a glass of "punch Romaine" before the roast lamb, as "every one always did it"! But how we did enjoy the fresh butter and rolls, and the strawberry creams! I am afraid our American cousins must have thought us shipwrecked passengers arrived from a desert island. We felt something like it!

May 25, *San Francisco.*—A Miss Murphy, whom we met in Staffordshire last year, has been very kind to us. She and her family are 'Frisco people, and staying in the hotel; and under her guidance Mrs Larcom and I had a very jolly morning. It seemed so strange to be in a great city again,

with trams, carriages, and people hurrying to and fro. The American men all look very sensible and busy; but the ladies seem to vie with each other in the smartest of dresses and the largest of bouquets, which, fastened in front, make them look like walking flower-gardens, though some strike one as very pretty. The whole place savours more of France than of England, owing to the fact that nearly all the shop-windows are full of French goods, and the modes are most decidedly Parisian.

There is scarcely a cab or a hansom to be seen in the streets, for every one uses the trams, which are worked like those in Melbourne by a subterranean continuous rope, and glide along pleasantly and quickly.

We drove out to luncheon at Cliff House, close to the famous Seal Rocks, where the blue Pacific waves were breaking over them in white foam, and the soft brown coats of their inhabitants glistened in the sun. Hundreds of seals, protected by the law, gambol about here, and their continuous hoarse barking is heard for a great distance. It was a most glorious day, with fleeting shadows over the distant purple hills and water. We watched the "Australia" steaming out to Honolulu through the "Golden Gate," and were thankful to be on dry land.

We have agreed that we prefer to view the Pacific from its sandy shores than from a ship's deck.

The drive through the outskirts of 'Frisco reminded me much of Melbourne, and though infinitely larger, it has risen to be a great city in much the same way. Thirty years ago there were a few huts on the sandy hillocks, *et voilà tout!* now 300,000 inhabitants walk its streets, a marvellous record of the progress of the age. The Golden Park is very fine, and full of blue gum-trees that seemed to bring a scent from Australia, and certainly many memories. After being in Japan, it is quite strange to see the stiff bedding-out again—the Japanese style of gardening is so much more artistic.

Last night we went to the Baldwin Theatre, and saw Sarah Bernhardt in "Theodora." Her acting is simply marvellous; but the great fascination is the grace of her movements and the sweetness of her voice. She looks wonderfully young, and I had an opportunity of seeing her off the stage, as we all went up in the elevator together. She looked so tired, poor thing! but no wonder, after stabbing one man, poisoning another, and, finally, being strangled herself! The interior of the elevator was in some confusion, owing to the young tiger-cat which she carried in her arms growling fiercely.

The flowers and fruit here are perfection, the climate lending itself to their culture.

I think new-comers are all immensely amused at the American newspapers, which are most sensationally got up: huge headings about the merest trifles fill half the page; and yesterday they actually occupied two columns with a most ridiculous and fictitious article about the "Gaelic" passengers in quarantine. I suppose they are terribly at a loss for sensible information. Don't let me forget a greedy but important detail—the American soda-water. It is a concoction of ice-cream, strawberry or vanilla syrup, and aerated water. Why don't we think of these delightfully unwholesome things in England!

May 26, *Clarke's Hotel, Wawona.*—After lunching with the Murphys and Mr and Mrs Lewis Haggin in the restaurant, we left 'Frisco, grey and foggy, yesterday afternoon, crossing in a sumptuous ferry-boat to Oakland, a town almost large enough to vie with the mother city, and apparently the home of the *élite* of California, judging from the gorgeous garments and costly jewellery displayed on the steamer.

We were hustled into a public sleeping-car, which is long and narrow; and it is rather funny to see

the line of toes protruding from the curtains, which are tightly drawn across the berth, while the inmates rapidly get out of their clothes. All night long, to the clanging of a deep-toned bell, so far superior to our shrill discordant whistling, we hurried to our destination, and at six o'clock in the morning tumbled out at Raymond, a sort of wayside shed, where we were provided with an indifferent breakfast before starting in the stage—half coach, half waggonette, with four horses—which was to take us all day towards the Yosemite Valley.

Our driver, a jolly west-country man, managed his team wonderfully, and it might have been very pleasant, only the dust was choking, the sun pitiless. There were a number of other passengers; but we secured a stage to ourselves, a great luxury, as they are usually crowded up with tourists, who go by fifties and hundreds to the Yosemite at this time of year.

The first part of the drive was uninteresting, over yellow bare hillocks, parched and dry as the grey stone scattered about on them, and giving but little sustenance to the "live oaks," dead, green, and drooping, which grow here and there on the thirsty ground, and beneath which the squirrels and rabbits were playing. Far away on the hori-

zon rose the blue mountains towards which we were hastening, some snow-peaked, others covered from foot to brow with tall pines, through which the cold rock showed worn and stained in smooth patches or frowning crags.

As the day advanced the scenery grew wilder. We passed a small gold-mine, which we heard was paying well, changed horses at a wayside inn, boasting the harmonious and pleasing name of Grubb's Gulch, and then on to Grant's Springs, our halt for luncheon—a delightful little cottage, with a garden full of roses, and strawberries to one's heart's content. From there the ascent began, and through odours of cedar and shade of pines we commenced a seven-mile climb.

All the banks were blue with scented lupin; wild flowers, red, orange, and white, grew in profusion under the snow-blossomed dog-wood and buck-eye, the manzonita and the wild cherry, low graceful shrubs, twined above clear limpid springs, from which crowds of tiny blue butterflies rose as we passed, and fluttered round us. As we mounted higher, a grand vista of hills appeared, the distant fertile plains beyond, white in the glaring sunshine. For ten miles we passed no sign of human habitation, and then came suddenly on

a tiny ranche which an old man living in a wooden shanty was cultivating himself, "ringing" and burning the great trees, clearing the shrubs and weeds, and preparing fine plots of land, from which only a future generation could reap the benefit.

Covered with dust from head to foot, and tired out, we arrived at this clean hotel, where a bath and a night's rest will set us up for the beauties of the valley, which we enter to-morrow.

May 27, *Barnard's Hotel, Yosemite.*—By 7 A.M. this morning we were well *en route,* enjoying the early sunshine. Every yard the prospect opened out finer before us, with pine-covered mountains and undulating ranges hemming us in to right and left. In the freshness of the breaking day, blue atmospherical effects hung over the horizon, the night mists mingling with the coming heat. We noticed many rare shrubs among the common plants that twine in the banks and by the roadway, and among the former our driver pointed out to us a graceful little green tree called the "poison oak." So injurious are its properties that a leaf only held in the hand will cause swellings and eruptions to break out all over the body, painful and difficult to get rid of. It sounded incredible, but we had no wish to try the experiment.

We had two gentlemen on the stage with us, an American and a German, both pleasant and polite.

Up, up, we went, the willing horses labouring hard, the heavy coach creaking behind them, till at last round a sharp curve we came to a sudden standstill, for the first view of the valley was before us from "Inspiration Point." It was a magnificent scene. No words could do justice to those huge frowning crags and precipices, which descend sheer down for thousands of feet to the valley below. "El Capitan," grey and grand, "The Three Graces," grouped in fantastic form, and rearing their granite heads over the snow-white "Bridal Veil Fall," which for more than 900 feet roared amid spray and foam to its rocky bed; the pointed "Cathedral Crags," the "Sentinel," and the snow-peaked "Cloud's Rest" in the distance, all combined to form the noblest of nature's pictures that I have ever seen or am ever likely to gaze on. The great pines beneath looked of pigmy form from the vast height at which we stood, and the fine Merced river but a silver thread twining between them.

There are three somewhat indifferent hotels in the valley; and Mr Barnard gave us and the Larcoms a gabled cottage all to ourselves, which, of course,

sounds paradise, but was in reality rather uncomfortable—stuffy and spidery.

All the afternoon we drove round the valley, visiting the Yosemite Falls, which, dashing down the precipice with thundering roar for 2000 feet, scattered the spray for hundreds of yards around, and drenched us to the skin, the setting sun shooting brightest rainbow-hues through the falling silvery water.

Strange to say, at dinner we met the Heaths of Clayton, who have been spending the winter in New Zealand, and have come here on their way home. We bought a few things made out of the pine and manzonita wood, getting dreadfully robbed by an old German. Prices in America are exorbitantly high; a dollar would go four times as far in England, and purchase much better goods into the bargain.

May 28, *Yosemite Valley.*—We meant to start at 6 A.M., but it was 9.30 before the sun saw us in the saddle and prepared to victimise us for the rest of the day. We were starting for Glacier Point, our guide, a long-legged Californian, leading the way, and we four forming a curious group—Mrs Larcom in her usual dress, I in my worn-out habit, each with broad straw hats and gauze veils to a

degree dilapidated. I doubt very much if we would have worn them anywhere else for a hundred pounds. The two men insisted on walking in their shirt-sleeves, notwithstanding the horses, being the cleverest in the world, neither up nor down making a *faux pas* all day, on a very steep and stony trail. They are of pure Californian breed, and most intelligent.

Four and a half miles uphill, 90° in the shade, along a narrow path, frequently rather jumpy owing to the steep declivities on either side, is not exactly enjoyment; but we toiled bravely on, and the view from the top at the little inn where we lunched repaid us. Awful, more than beautiful, the great expanse of grey rock was stretched out around us, with only the dull green pines and patches of snow to relieve it, no verdant slopes, no purple heather, all grim and cold against the radiant blue sky. The effect was grand and startling; but I would have given worlds for a streak of colour, a break in the uniform grey.

With thirteen miles before us we were obliged to hurry, and we started on our descent, the sun still at its height, the path winding round by the Nevada Falls, by frightful precipices and rushing rivers; but the expedition is excessively tiring, and I

would advise no one who has leisure to attempt it in one day. The Nevada Waterfall, to my mind, is the finest in the valley, and we reached it in time to see the glorious rainbow that spans it at sunset. Owing to the melting snows, the body of water was immense. A nice old man who keeps the inn at the foot brought us some milk, and we jogged home through the lovely valley and past the Vernal Falls, but were too exhausted to enjoy or notice anything further. Little lizards darting to and fro among the stones, or an occasional squirrel, were the only signs of animal life we had seen all day.

During the afternoon our guide, who was walking in front, gave a bound to one side, for he thought he had heard the deadly rattlesnake, which is very common in these parts. Their bite is nearly always fatal. We did not see one, but S. decapitated a king-snake, a most brilliantly marked reptile, and quite harmless. We were sorry to have killed it, as I believe they prey on their venomous cousins, and destroy a great many.

May 30, *Clarke's Hotel.*—I spent a dreary Whitsunday in bed, tired out with a sore throat, the result of Saturday's expedition. The heat was intense, and I daresay I should still be in the

Yosemite had it not been for an American doctor whom the landlady discovered, and who set me up enough to go on to-day. I am afraid I feel rather shaky, and did not relish the stage much.

We have just returned from visiting the Mariposa Grove of big trees, so world-famous, and so disappointing. They are great red pines, one of them, the Grizzly Giant, a curiously deformed tree, being 33 feet in diameter, and the road runs right through the trunk of one, wide enough to allow the stage-coach to pass. What I think takes from their effect generally is that they are not grouped together, but separated and scattered among others of smaller growth.

While I write, a thunderstorm is raging, and the reverberation from the mountains shakes the house. The sky is red and orange, deepening almost to black. We leave to-morrow on our return to 'Frisco.

June 1, *San Francisco.*—It was joy indeed to reach the Palace Hotel this morning. Californian dust *may* be cleansed from our bodies, but the memory of it—never! After the intolerable heat, we found it cold and dismal here.

Miss Murphy was again our cicerone this afternoon. As far as I can notice, the predominating trait of the American character is hospitality. We

all went to be photographed at Taber's, but the portraits were not a success.

I have my serious doubts whether 'Frisco is a healthy place; the cold mists that come on at night after a hot day, and the doubtful drainage, cause diphtheria to be very prevalent. We did not see much of the city itself, not even visiting China town, which boasts 60,000 of the pigtailed population, for we felt we had had enough of Chinese for some time after our experience on the "Gaelic." I am afraid poor John is detested by the San Franciscans, for he is much employed, as he labours for very low wages, and is but a small consumer. I read an amusing tale the other day of a Chinaman and one of his American persecutors, which does not reflect very favourably on the latter. Sir Pigtail was out for a walk one wet day in a twenty-dollar satin coat, and coming to a muddy crossing, picked his way gingerly across. A passer-by, exasperated by his prudence—why, I know not—shoved him rudely to one side, and the poor fellow rolled in the dirt. Gravely he picked himself up, sedately he bowed, with these words: "Very well. You Christian; me heathen. Good day." History does not record what his tormenter's feelings were.

Now I must to bed, and get at least one night's

rest, for to-morrow begins the longest railway journey I have ever taken without a break in my life.

June 7, *Manitou Springs, Colorado.*—Three days and three nights in the train! Till any one has experienced this, they can never know the joys of a bath, and a comfortable bed such as we found on arriving here the night before last.

We gladdened Mr Mackay's heart by choosing the Burlington route by which to cross America; and certainly as far as Ogden, had a most sumptuous drawing-room car, with berths wide enough to make sleep a possibility. After Ogden, we changed on to the Denver and Rio Grande Railway, a narrow gauge; and had not the scenery been so fine through which we passed, we might have thought a good deal of the discomfort.

The first night of our journey we dined at Sacramento, the seat of the Californian Government. It is a very pretty, clean-looking little town, reminding one in a degree of Kew; at any rate, the river on which it is situated is much like the Thames in that part. The whole of the Sacramento valley is extremely fertile, growing oranges, peaches, and all kinds of fruit in profusion. We had rather a strange experience crossing the Gulf of Carquinez in a huge transfer boat. The train is run on to it and taken

across to the line at Benicia on the other side. The "Solano" puffs across with the tremendous weight as if it were a cargo of feathers; and this strange conveyance is far less expensive than the construction of a bridge.

During the night we were crossing the Sierras, through snow-sheds, and found ourselves at 6.30 the next morning for breakfast at Reno. Here we were nearly left behind, the train starting, as they all do in America, without the slightest warning, and everybody making for the steps at once! The second day we passed through the alkali plains of Nevada, so bare and desert-like, only an occasional hut or a band of mounted Indians relieving the great loneliness. A horrid stinging dust blew into the carriage, obliging us to wrap our faces up in thick veils, or woe to the complexion!

At Ogden, we had great difficulty in finding seats, having to sacrifice our cosy drawing-room car. The train runs right along the edge of the Great Salt Lake, which, like the Dead Sea, lies solitary and fishless, hemmed in by hills on all sides. The city stands on the shore, the great snow-peaks of the Rockies shadowing the bright foliage, so refreshing after the desert we had been traversing.

A stoppage of only fifteen minutes enabled us

to get a view of this Mormon city, the unfinished Gothic temple and strangely shaped tabernacle standing out clearly as one approaches. The cars run through the street, on either side of which are cabin-like houses, the former dwellings of these strange polygamists, but the interest in them is much abated. The territory of Utah is annexed by the Government. Brigham Young's reign is over; but though the Latter-day Saints are said to be nearly all exterminated, other accounts make this doubtful.

We dined at a place called Green River, nothing but a station and hotel far away out on the desolate prairie. The moon was beautiful, and the complete stillness after the hours of rattling and jolting was very pleasant and solemn. The alkali dust made it difficult to sleep, and we were glad when we reached Cimarron on the morning of the third day (Trinity Sunday). Here an open car was put on for observation—quite an American idea—and the first beauties of the scenery commenced.

For three-quarters of an hour the railway runs through the great black cañon of the Gunnison river, which roars in foaming torrents by the side of the winding line. Half-way through, a beautiful waterfall rushes precipitately over the

brow of the cliff, and the great Currecanti Needle rises in startling shape at the end of the gorge.

After Gunnison, a fairly large town with smelting-works, we took an hour to reach Sargent, where the ascent of the famous Marshall Pass commences. Slowly and almost imperceptibly the rise begins, till the puffing of our engine—for the train had been divided into two parts—reminded us how steep it was getting. Soon we saw the first portion of the train circling above us. Patches and drifts of snow lay on either side. Still Excelsior! till we seemed on a level with the highest peaks; and entering the dark stuffy shed, with snow heaped up around even on this broiling June day, we at last came to a standstill. The railway is a triumph of engineering, reaching the stupendous height of nearly 11,000 feet, twice that of the Rigi. We did not feel the effects of the rarefied air as some do, and only gazed with awe on the valley so far below.

Soon the cry, "All aboard!" bustled us into our seats, and with the full brake-power on, we commenced the descent, and reached Salida for luncheon in a very short time. After passing the snow-clad Sangro de Christo mountain-range, we entered the cañon of the Arkansas, even grander than that of

the Gunnison. Huge frowning precipices on one side and a few stones divided us from the dashing river on the other. Through the Royal Gorge the scenery was magnificent; but the serpentine windings of the train on the narrow line round the sharp curves made me very creepy. Should one carriage leave the line, it would be certain death.

Such a glorious evening when we passed the Cañon City, containing the State Penitentiary, and Pueblo, and reached Colorado Springs as the stars came out. This lovely little place, Manitou, nestles under the hills shadowed by Pike's Peak, one of the highest points of the Rockies. People come here, not alone for the attractive scenery, but for the iron and soda-water springs, which latter are really excellent; and the joy of spending three days of complete rest will, I think, make us love this place for ever.

June 7, *Manitou.*—We have been here two days now. Situated at an altitude of 5000 feet, it is no wonder that, with its health-giving springs, this is such a favourite resort. In a few years, the chances are that Manitou will be a fashionable watering-place; at present it is only a growing village, with rather too new a look about the houses and the shop-fronts. Pike's Peak is still covered with

snow; and as the expedition to the summit is most tiring, we have not time to court the Yosemite experience over again.

At the top of one of the picturesque cañons about here are some curious caves full of alabaster stalactites, most wonderfully tuneful, emitting clear musical notes when struck. The caves in Virginia, however, are much finer, and I fear we rather grudged the dollar we had to pay for admittance. We missed the buggy coming back, and had to walk across the brow of the sandstone cliffs among the young green oaks. Wild flowers are scarcer than in California, but the small prickly cactus and the wild rose grow in profusion. Manitou was the name given to this place by the Indians for its wonderful springs.

In the Garden of the Gods, near at hand, Dame Nature has played some curious freaks, for it is full of striking formations of bright red sandstone rock, that imitate the outline of the human figure and animals most amazingly. The Americans, with inventive genius, have given names to almost all these formations, such as "The Scotchman," "The Lady of the Garden," "The Porcupine," "The Kissing Camels," &c. Perhaps the finest boulder is the "Balancing Stone," a mass of

rock which rests on its base only in one corner, in the most acrobatic manner. From this garden, I think, the best view of Pike's Peak and the Rocky Mountains is obtained.

We drove round by Gleneyrie, General Palmer's dwelling, lying in a verdant basin among these jagged crags. General Palmer is a man of ability, and has done a great deal for Colorado in the last fifteen years, besides constructing the Denver and Rio Grande Railway.

Mr and Mrs William Bell paid us a visit in the evening. He is an Englishman, but has been a great number of years out here, and owns much property. I am sorry we are unable to visit his ranche up country, but we leave this afternoon for Chicago. I am afraid the prospect of the journey is not very pleasant. "I guess you'll be reg'lar broiled down there on the plains," says the manager, cheerfully, "with nothing but cactuses, rattlesnakes, and owls." "Oh! and, I guess, a prairie-dog," suggests his partner; "and plenty of sun." It sounds like two days' paradise, doesn't it? However, we are "fixed" in a drawing-room car, so it ought to be all right!

June 11, *Chicago.*—Arrived at last in this great bustling city. Looking down into the street from

the upper floor of the Pacific Hotel, one sees trams, omnibuses, buggies, and hansoms passing and repassing, and the long line of broad pavement trod by countless footsteps, nearly all intent on business, hurrying for fortunes. Mingled with smoke and grime, nearly as black as in our own capital, is the air of ambition, prosperity, and security which surely pervades all these wealthy towns of the New World.

We had reached Denver on Wednesday evening, and having a couple of hours to spare, we dined at the Albany, and then went to Taber's Opera-house, where Mrs Langtry was acting in "Pygmalion and Galatea." The theatre is supposed to be the finest in the States, and even to compete with the great Paris Opera-house, which I consider an uncalled-for presumption, for it is scarcely more than half the size. It was crowded, for the whole populace had come to see "La belle Langtry," who, to my mind, was not in her element as Galatea. The manager kindly showed us all the different parts of the house; but as we were in dusty travelling-dress, we dared not take seats amid the "beauties" of Colorado.

The journey through the plains of Nebraska, Iowa, and Illinois, is over flat, rich-looking, agri-

cultural country, with farmsteads and hedgerows, orchards and copses, with sleek horses and fat cows cropping the sweet long grass, and little bare-footed children playing in the meadows. Surely the homeliness that pervades these villages must have been brought years ago from the old country over the seas. It was at sunset that we crossed the great Missouri river, just at its confluence with the Peath; and the long girder-bridge, over which the train creeps and crawls, creaks ominously, and looks with its slender pillars very unsafe.

At the Pacific Junction a dining-car was attached, a great luxury, for instead of having to jump out at unearthly hours for the most abominable food, one could eat in comparative comfort. They have a funny way in America of putting the eatables in little separate dishes before each person—potatoes in one, meat in one, vegetables in another, and so on; consequently, when the table is small and the hungry guests numerous, these little dishes are heaped each on the top of the other, there is a general tussle for whose is whose, and the greediest gets the best of it. *Apropos* of this custom, a Yankee yarn tells of a hungry traveller who, exasperated with the waiter showering these little plates about the table, exclaimed impatiently,

—"Here, man! take away these samples and bring me the joint!"

It caused me great amusement to notice the way in which the conductors and porters of the train take their ease in the same car with the passengers. No surprise must be evinced when you see a curly-headed negro snoring in the next berth. I could not help wondering what our ridiculously exclusive society would think if the guard made himself comfortable in a first-class carriage, with his legs on "my lady's" rugs, or his *tête du peuple* on "my lord's" newspapers! Ah, well, "A man's a man for a' that"!

We went last night to Hooley's Theatre, and saw rather an amusing play acted by the Daly Company, who visit England sometimes.

Mr Larcom has just gone off to the great Chicago stockyard, where they stick, clean, roll, salt, and generally finish off a pig into a sausage in five minutes. We preferred visiting the Board of Trade, and other more instructive sights.

June 12, *Clifton House, Niagara.*—Chicago and the blue waters of Lake Michigan we have left far behind, and another summer's sunrise brought us to the smoke and factories and very dingy buildings of Buffalo. We breakfasted at an uninviting hotel

at 7 A.M., and, amid a crowd of excursionists, came on here, only three-quarters of an hour's run by the shores of Lake Erie.

Among the many objects of interest we visited before leaving Chicago, at the Board of Trade or Stock Exchange, the most extraordinary and almost painful sight fell to our lot. "A break in the grain market," so we were told; but could that account for the seething mass of faces below us, the hoarse yells, the indescribable din, with excited countenances and demoniacal expression, each man trying to outsell or outbuy the other—more like raving lunatics than sane people? It was a pitiable exhibition, and sad to know that these God's creatures, with immortal souls, were bartering all for the cursed gold that to the worldling makes or mars the man. One thought of that Last Day that will come as a thief in the night flashed across my mind, one thought of the account we must render up to the Great Judge. Who would not cry, "Good Lord, have mercy on us!"

An afternoon's drive on the clean grass-bordered Boulevard, with its bright little houses, and into the park, gay with summer foliage and most ingenious bedding-out, gave one some idea of the

best part of Chicago city, which, however, in cleanliness and beauty cannot rival 'Frisco.

June 13, *Niagara.*—How can I describe this day! I can but echo a poet's words; I know of none more suitable:—

"Tremendous torrent, for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside
These wide involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face.
Ah! terribly they rage,
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there!
My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as towards the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent!"

Such is Niagara! and those who have expressed disappointment must have cast behind them all their love of the beautiful, all sublime ideas, which cannot but be aroused at the sight of these most wonderful Falls. Pleasant walks among the islands, green and sweet-smelling with the wild vines and limes, ending in little balustraded platforms, where peeps are obtained of the roaring waters beneath, add to the charm. The hideous advertisements that once glared boldly on Nature's fairest countenance are removed; and though houses and factories are a drawback on the American side of the suspension-

bridge, Canada at least has carefully preserved the rural aspect. It is impossible to approach very closely to the Horse-Shoe Falls: the spray is too dense, rising high into the heavens, so one can only imagine the depth of that green flood in breathless awe. Some eighteen years ago an unseaworthy ship, drawing twenty feet of water, was sent over to its doom, and passed the edge without touching the bottom. Not the least beautiful part are the Rapids, which like a stormy sea extend for two miles above the Falls.

Niagara is the name given to that part of the St Lawrence from its outflow from Lake Erie till it enters Lake Ontario, twelve miles below the whirlpool. To this dangerous spot we drove in the afternoon, descending to the swirling water's edge in a sort of elevator railway, a clever Yankee invention. Just above are the Rapids, where Captain Webb was drowned a year or two ago; and when one realises that 100 million tons of water come over the Falls every hour, and have to find an outlet through the narrow cliffs, it is easily fancied what the volume and power of it must be.

Visitors to Niagara must prepare for extortion, and once inveigled inside their so-called Indian stores, beware of the dollars and dimes!

We are sorry to be parting with the Larcoms, who have been our travelling companions for six weeks, and are now going up into Canada.

We have just heard of poor Aunt Carr's death. It is sad, so soon after the Duke of Leinster. Hers was a good, unselfish life.

June 15, *Hotel Brunswick, New York.*—We reached Albany in the small hours of yesterday morning, and very sleepily left the drawing-room car, a little regretting the choice of going down on the steamer to New York. Our arms ached with the baskets and bags we had to carry along the platform, for such a thing as a station porter is unknown in America. All the heavy luggage is checked through, and is never seen again till the hotel is reached, the responsibility lying entirely with the railway company. This is a good arrangement; but the ticket system is most confusing and annoying, not three being alike, and all more or less useless if you happen to discover you are travelling on a rival train, which may be starting precisely at the same time, from the same place, and bound for the same destination. Competition is rife in this country!

The scenery on the Hudson is very pleasing, especially passing the Catskill mountains. I am

not sure, however, that even the enlivening strains of a band, which somehow made me feel like a bank holiday excursionist, prevented great weariness creeping over us before the end of the day.

Budgets of letters awaited our arrival, and now we are at last in sunny, clean New York, our last halt before steaming across the "Herring Pond."

June 16, *Hotel Brunswick, New York.*—Owing to the kindness of Mr Hewitt, the Mayor, with whom S. had a previous acquaintance, we were initiated into a great deal of interest.

Yesterday at Tiffany's, the big jeweller's, as we were not purchasers, they seemed a little loath to display their prettiest things, but they certainly have a varied store—from a 20,000-dollar tiara to a Minton china teacup. We lunched at Delmonico's, where every one congregates, though the bill of fare presented nothing more inviting than roast mutton and green peas, and, of course, the inevitable iced creams.

At three o'clock we took a hansom to join the Mayor at the City Hall. These hansoms are good, but the ill-paved streets horrible, for they seem so out of place with the well-built houses and broad footways; but as the whole population use the tramways or elevated railway, carriages come off second

best. This elevated railway runs parallel with nearly all the streets, and is a doubtful advantage. Of course, for those travelling by it, the open air is pleasant; but how about the second-floor lodgers? It is quite exciting peering in at their windows! Still, as the Mayor remarked, underground traffic would never do in America, for people like to see in this country! We found him at the City Hall deep in business, but waited and listened in the quaint old office to the meeting that was going on about granting money for a new lunatic asylum. Mrs Lowell, who was much *au fait* on the subject, was introduced to us there, and told us the number of insane has increased 25 per cent in the last five years—a startling statement! It is greatly owing to the number of emigrants that arrive in the city from Europe, those mentally affected being 80 per cent foreigners. It is not to be wondered at that the Yankees do not hail with pleasure the thousands that daily land at Castle Garden from over the sea. Mrs Lowell is the widow of a gallant colonel killed in the last American war, the only white officer who was willing to lead the coloured troops in South Carolina, and also one of the first to lose his life. She seems a clever philanthropic woman.

The Brooklyn Bridge is really a grand erection. Across it the cable-cars run backwards and forwards like clock-work, and carry 80,000 people over the bridge every day. We obtained a panoramic view of the two cities on either side of the river from here, a network of shipping and islands stretching out to the mouth of the ocean.

Fifth Avenue, the Broadway, Madison Square, and Central Park, all remind me so much of Paris, with the bright shop-fronts on the clean streets, the tempting *cafés*, and smart ladies. I can understand Americans preferring the French capital to our *triste* London. In Fifth Avenue we saw the houses of those so-called lucky people who are reported to make a million dollars a-day—Astors, Vanderbilts, Jay Gould, &c., with all their sons and daughters, nieces and nephews, established in a row.

The wind had turned very cold as we drove through the Central Park, and even the trotters did not look their best with the seven mile an hour prohibition on them.

Along the Hudson the scenery is charming; but the houses are cropping up so fast that soon the fresh grass and distant views will be extinguished by blocks of dwellings, the outcome of this fast-growing city.

June 16, *New York.*—"Laughter is akin to tears," and certainly in the walk of life sorrow and joy wander hand in hand. So we thought when this morning we visited Castle Garden. On almost the prettiest situation in New York, by the sparkling waters of the bay, and commanding a view of the great statue of Liberty, this landing-place is yet full of aching hearts and tear-dimmed eyes.

The steamers "Queen" and "California" had just come in, bringing but a few this day in comparison to the numbers that usually set foot on America's shores, but still enough to represent all the phases of human life — some bright and hopeful, with money in their pockets and friends to meet them— some wearily waiting in expectancy—others indifferent and reckless,—and, alas! too many penniless and forlorn, tremblingly awaiting the decision of the Commissioners as to their fate; for many of those paupers are obliged to be sent back. We met one or two of these Commissioners, German as well as American, and found them kind and sympathetic, and there is no doubt that the utmost is done for the poor people. Hungarians, Bohemians, Russians, and Italians, mingled with families from Birmingham and the heart of old

Ireland. A mother and five healthy children, from Warwickshire, were anxious to get to Ohio without a penny in their pockets; another, with a baby in her arms, was searching for a runaway husband; and a family of Russians, forsaking all for Christ's sake, had come out to this unknown land because they would not abjure the Protestant faith in their Catholic village. It was a touching sight. I wonder how many of us, who have all this earth can give, realising the heartbreaking misery and inequalities of fortune of half the world, would stop one second in the mad career of pleasure, self, and sin, to help these children of the same Father, to lighten one load or dry one tear! How little it would cost! How sweet the reward! We came out again amid the green trees in the bright sunshine, perhaps graver than we went in.

At the hotel we found a note from the Hewitts, and dined with them at Delmonico's, repairing afterwards to the Eden Musée, a sort of Madame Tussaud's, with a chamber of horrors of the most gruesome type. A very good Hungarian band played enchantingly.

June 17, *New York.*—Oh, how hot it is! Five months in the tropics should have schooled us, but it has not, and 90 degrees in the shade is quite as

overpowering to-day as if we had spent all our lives in the arctic regions.

With the contrariness of human nature we had chosen this of all mornings to inspect the fire-brigade station, so at 11 o'clock Miss Nellie Hewitt and I started off. Everything, from the harnessing of the horses to the playing of the hose, was carried out for our edification. I had never seen the arrangements in England, and understand that in New York they are better managed, though fires, on account of the wooden houses, are far more frequent. It takes exactly three minutes to harness the horses and prepare for the start. The clever beasts rush out of their stalls at the ringing of a bell, place themselves between the shafts, their steel collars fall on them, the men slide down poles from the upper chamber, and, hey, presto! they are in the street. The scaling-ladders are wonderfully ingenious, and used chiefly for the very lofty houses, to the top of which no ordinary ladder can reach, and the men are a fine body of strong fellows. The alarm-bells and electric machinery are models.

Hotter and ever hotter grew the day; but the president, as the head of the department is called, insisted on ringing up a neighbouring engine,

which covered the mile and a quarter in less than four minutes from the sounding of the bell—very quick work in these rough streets. The firemen looked rather cross when they found there was no fire, and the crowd was disgusted.

We lunched at Mr Work's trotting stables, which are palatial, with comfortable sitting and bed rooms overhead. Mr Work, father to pretty Mrs Roche, is a charming old gentleman, whose one hobby is his trotting-horses. He takes immense pride in these pets; and in the afternoon, on the trotting-ground, for the first time in my life I enjoyed the sensation of flying, for it could be called nothing else, the buggy is so light and the horses' pace tremendous. Mr Work has made with his pair, Edward and Swiveller, the fastest record with trotters in America—a mile in two minutes sixteen seconds.

June 19, *Cunard s.s.* "*Servia.*"—The red funnels of the "Servia" gleam in the afternoon sun, the water astern, churned by the screw, glitters and sparkles—all around, at the various wharfs steam and sailing ships lie at anchor. The ferry-boats ply in the stream, and the engines of "La Bretagne," the French mail, are labouring slowly as she gets her head round, and just five minutes before us, steams out to sea. There are the usual

tearful leave-takings and waving of handkerchiefs to the black crowd left behind, the usual confusion about the cabins, the usual scrambling for seats at table, and we look on with cynical indifference, and only heave a sigh at the heaps of deck-chairs, and the small prospect of daily constitutionals.

The "Servia" is a very big ship, but she is proportionately crowded, so much so, that we are obliged to have two relays of meals, though the saloon seats fully three hundred. Our accommodation is aft of the engines, causing the tremor from the screw to be unpleasantly felt; however, what do we care? she is bearing us back to Old England, who, in her summer beauty, must be looking her very best to greet us, and tell us that all the world over there is no place like home!

June 21, *s.s.* "*Servia*," *Jubilee Day.*—We have kept the Queen's Jubilee in mid-Atlantic in right royal fashion, notwithstanding a dense mist around, and the continual discordant shrieks of the fog-horn. Our American cousins mustered in great force, even the Irish "praste" didn't interfere with our rejoicings, and S. did his duties as chairman nobly. Sir Alexander Galt, commissioner for Canada, made an eloquent speech, and Dr Little, a Chicago Congregationalist minister, paid many

graceful compliments to her Majesty, and quite enthusiastically we quaffed our goblets of champagne, and sang the National Anthem with three times three. I wonder what they are all doing at home? If it is raining "cats and dogs," no uncommon thing on British soil, or whether the proverbial Queen's weather is holding sway?

We have had time for amusing observations since Sandy Hook faded from view, and certainly it is entertaining in this great floating hotel to watch the greedy people supping off porter and Welsh rare-bits, just when the glass is falling and the wind is howling through the rigging. The consequences must be left to imagination!

The hot weather of the last two days, owing to our passing through the Gulf Stream, has quite disappeared. It is cold and wet now, and the passengers are driven to the music-room, where they are all singing to the banjo "Old Folks at Home,' and "Oh, Alleluia!" much to the distraction of my thoughts. Is it possible they are actually trying to send off fireworks in the pouring rain? What won't people do on occasions!

June 26, *The "Servia," St George's Channel.*—The most glorious of mornings; earth, sky, and sea seem to be rejoicing equally with my heart, for

are not these cliffs looming through the mist the Mizen and Brow Head, and surely that rock and lighthouse to starboard the Fastnet? Is it so? or am I still dreaming? for the clock indicates 6.30, and it is difficult to realise that that long stretch of land is Ireland, and beyond home.

I stood on the bridge—not at midnight—but on this fairest of fair mornings, and the remembrance of all our long journey, with its pleasures and lessons and shortcomings came over me—a time all too quickly sped. May God grant our lives to be ever as blessed as they have been in the last nine months!

I have striven in this little diary to keep ever green the happiest memories of friends whose kindness to us can never be forgotten, and of countries where we learnt so much of the grandness of the Creator's handiwork. Good-bye! Home life and its duties should seem pleasant and lighter after the long holiday. Do not think me very foolish if I wipe away a tear as I consign these dear recollections to the storehouse of the past. It is only natural, and now "Vorwärts!"

Queenstown is already in the distance. We did not enter the harbour, and saw only the picturesque bay, and the "Umbria," westward bound,

lying at anchor. A tender came alongside with papers and letters, and carried off a large number of passengers.

Slowly the engines are going ahead again, through the lake-calm sea. We shall cross the bar, if the tide permits, at midnight, and wake up in the Mersey, under the shadow of grimy busy Liverpool. And now, old friend, my journal of so many months, I must close your pages. May others love theirs as dearly, and agree with me as I reluctantly pen the last line—

"Scheiden thut weh."

THE END.

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ERRATA.

Page 35, line 6 from top, *for* "Albany," *read* "Albury."

„ 141, „ 2 „ *for* "three millions," *read* "one million."

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